Collier's

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January 4, 1930

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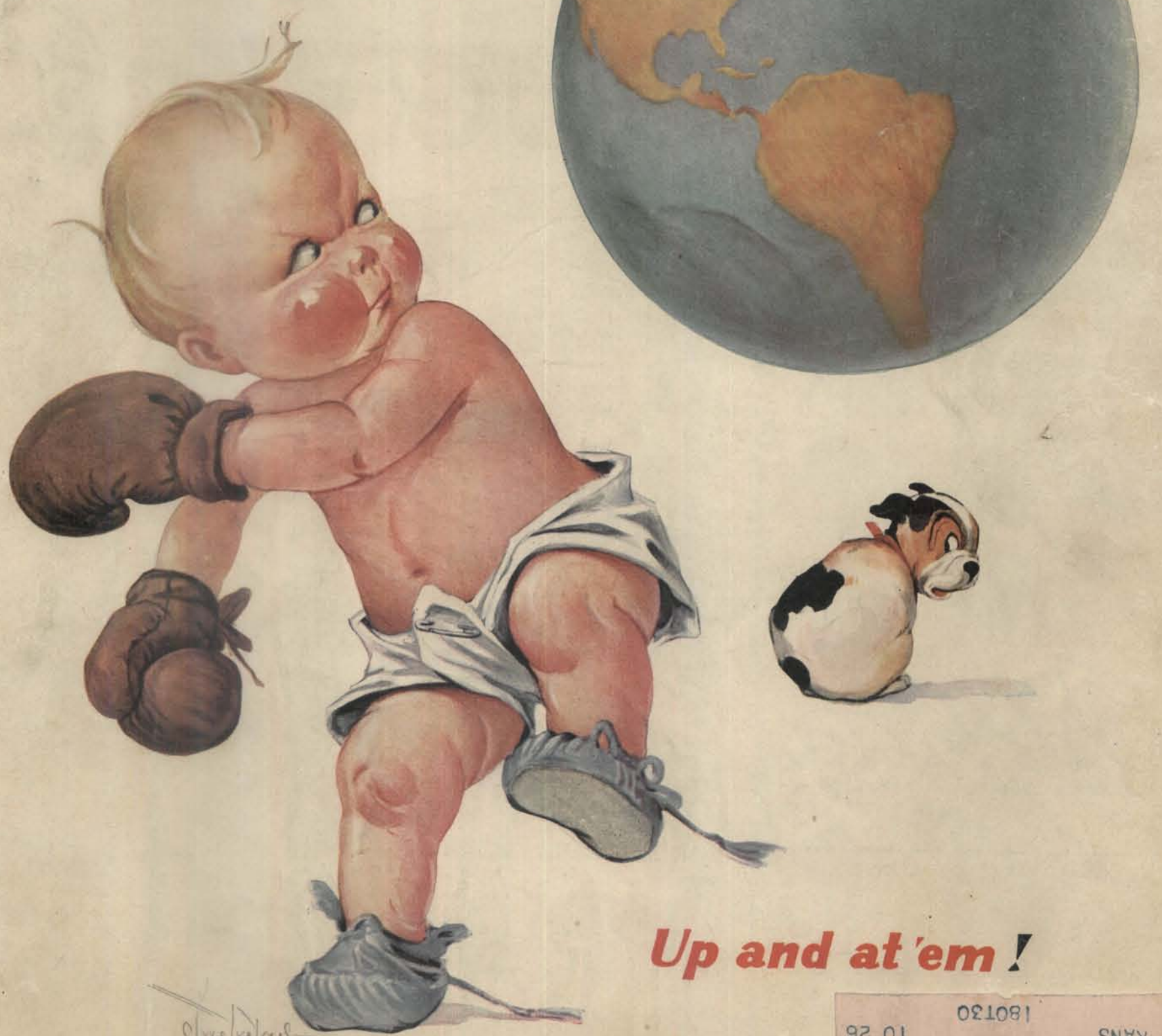
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



Up and at 'em!

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JAN. 4, 1930

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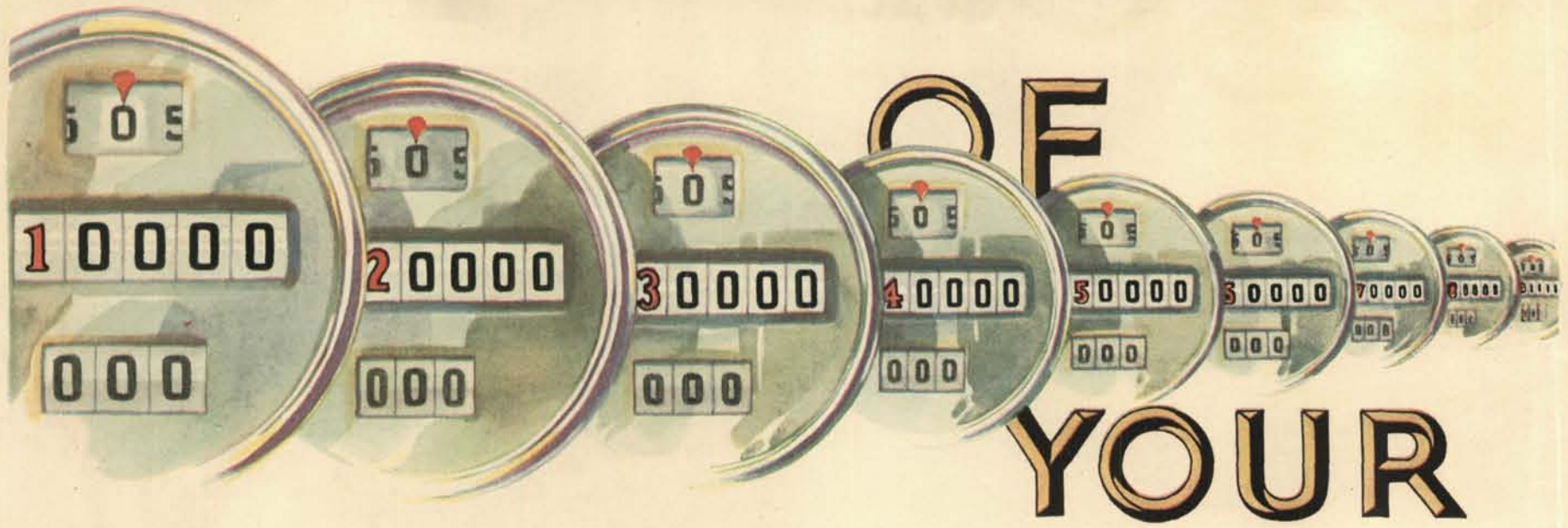
TIME TO THINK OF YOUR SPARK PLUG WIRES



LET these mileage figures be an "alarm clock" to remind you of the new importance of your Spark Plug Wires, in getting full power from your motor. In your modern high-speed, high-compression engine, more than 10,000 volts must travel, in a flash, over the Spark Plug Wire, every time a cylinder fires! Some of this restless energy is sure to escape unless sealed in at every point.

The secret process of applying a special lacquer used in making Packard Lac-kard Spark Plug Wire is the greatest protection yet devised against the constant menace of lost power through leaky wires.* But even of Packard Lac-kard Spark Plug Wires this slogan of our dealers is true:

Absolutely! Spark Plug Wires Do Wear Out

There are six main reasons why Spark Plug Wires do wear out. 1. Corona (an electrical condition present above 10,000 volts); 2. Abrasion; 3. Moisture; 4. Oil; 5. Age; 6. Heat—The Packard Electric Company call these six enemies of Spark Plug Wire "The Camoah Gang of Motor Power Thieves".

What Does Your Speedometer Read?

If it is more than 10,000 miles since you have rewired, the chances are your motor will have a lot more pep and life with a new set of Packard Lac-kard Spark Plug Wires. Hard starting, and other Winter driving conditions make it all the more important that you rewire now. Try it and FEEL THE DIFFERENCE.

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FOR FULL POWER IN ANY CAR
REWIRE EVERY 10000 MILES WITH

Packard Lac-kard
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SPARK PLUG WIRES

FOR ALL CARS $2.00 to $4.75

THE PACKARD ELECTRIC COMPANY
Warren, Ohio

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Address _____

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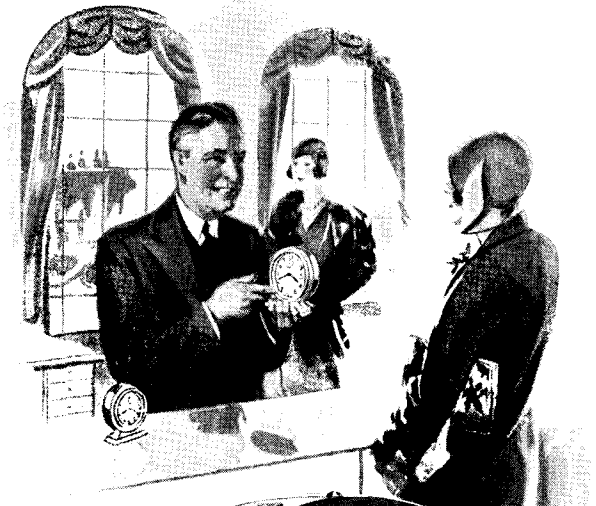

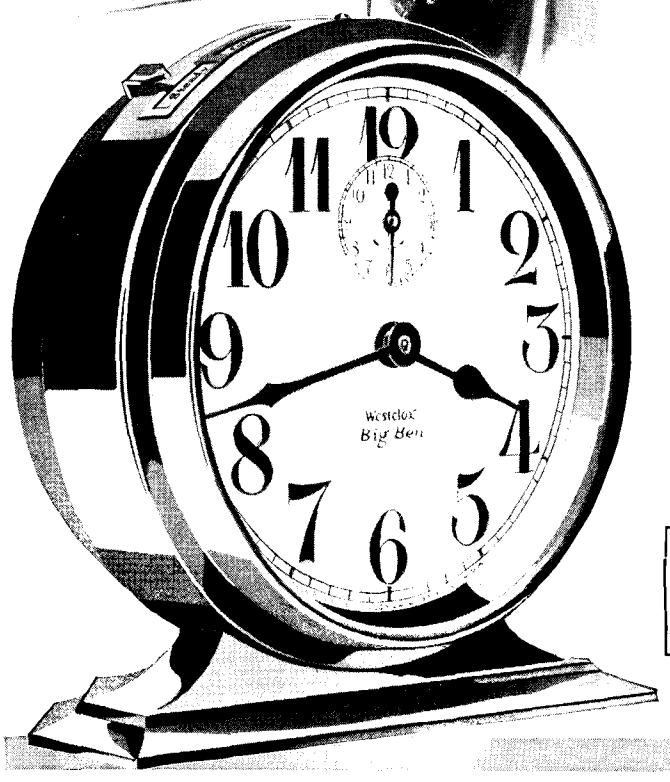

Big Ben and Baby Ben are made in nickel—Old Rose, Green or Blue—all priced the same.

MORNING after morning, promptly on the dot, Big Ben's cheery call is heard in every civilized land. For *twenty years* Big Ben has been demonstrating his dependability . . . leading an active life of usefulness in millions of households.

Over this long period of years Big Ben has kept pace with the times . . . in style . . . in design. He has proven beyond doubt that when an alarm clock is built right it will *run* right . . . *serve* long and faithfully.

And now, to give you *utmost* assurance of satisfactory service . . . of *value* . . . this world-famed alarm clock is sold everywhere under a positive Two Year Gold Seal Service Guarantee . . . and a *printed* pledge of quality . . . of reliability . . . accompanies each Big Ben.

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There are many other Westclox . . . precision-built alarms, auto clocks and watches . . . all with the customary Westclox one year guarantee.

Some Westclox have plain dials; others have luminous dials that tell time in the dark. The glow of Westclox luminous dials is guaranteed for the life of the clock or watch. Westclox prices range from $1.00 to $5.00.

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

THIS WEEK

January 4, 1930

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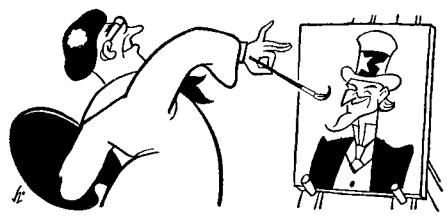
Next Week

JOHN ERSKINE, who introduced so many of us to Helen of Troy, Galahad, and Adam and Eve, for which we're becomingly grateful, has now written the biography of Uncle Sam. We were just about to write a few well-selected words about this remarkable life when Professor Erskine himself did it.

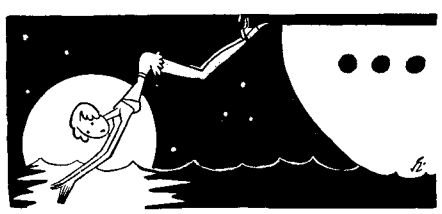
"The cartoon figure of Uncle Sam," writes Professor Erskine, "the lanky gentleman with top hat, long coat and boots, seems to many of us something more than a cartoon—almost the portrait of a personality we have met. For some of us the face of this personality wears a benign expression; for others the features are mean.

"I have long believed that this figure might be filled out into a complete character, endowed with an inner as well as a public career. Our national temperament, that is, might have a biography. Since no one else has attempted it, I try my hand.

"It is not my purpose to make an allegory of American history, nor to draw a critical picture of Europe. If I have ventured to dramatize some European opinions of our country, it is with an eye on us rather than on the neighbors abroad. I should like to show Uncle Sam as he is today—with those qualities which for those who do not understand him are not to be understood, and with those other qualities which for those who admire him are easy to admire."



WE HAVE here a youth who was supporting himself in Princeton (of all places) by running a motor boat for a certain rich man whose morals could have stood a lot of renovating. While running that launch he fishes a lovely girl right out of Long Island Sound. With that to start with, it is not at all remarkable that Lawrence Saunders has turned out quite a trig tale of love in "Hell Gate to Paradise." We admit that we were never more relieved in our lives, though, when we discovered that the girl could swim.



WE GET a great deal of fun out of putting ourselves in a hero's or heroine's place (theoretically, of course) and wondering what we'd have done in their situations. Octavus Roy Cohen's Short Short Story—"Sunrise"—presented an excellent chance to play that little game. And we're pretty sure we'd have handled the situation more directly than the lady in this story did. However, we've never been a lady and never presumed to predict what one of them might do. Nor how.

—

WE HATE to dismiss, with a word like this, such features as Sax Rohmer, John T. Flynn, Uncle Henry, Rob Wagner, Arthur Somers Roche, E. Phillips Oppenheim and Brigadier General Benjamin D. Foulois. But with the end of the column here (all too soon), what are we to do?

Any Week

"ALL this glorification of the business man and slandering of the United States Senate," writes Mr. D. R. Fitzpatrick from St. Louis, "gives me a pain."

Having started like that, Mr. Fitzpatrick, who is not only a justly celebrated artist and cartoonist (there can be such a difference) but a student of politics, goes on to tell us he disagrees with our editorial "Jobs for Business Men," in which we felicitated the nation on the choice of Messrs. Jackson Reynolds, Dwight Morrow, Charles G. Dawes and others for high political and extra-political posts.

But we rejoice that Mr. Fitzpatrick, whose good opinion we covet, does not find any of these gentlemen incapable. We still suspect that they will acquit themselves with great credit and considerable moral profit to the country. To say nothing of material things. As for our senators—well, we're extremely fond of some of them. Like bankers. But we are rather partial to *ability* wherever it may be located.

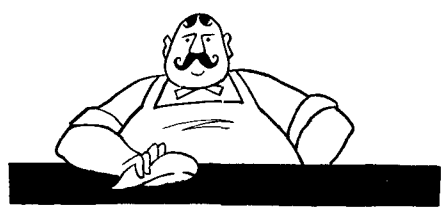
—

WE DON'T attempt to explain it, but our editorials seem to have drawn a lot of fire this week. Here are Mr. Herbert Blackwell Eichhorn of San Jose, California, and Mrs. Winifred E. Jackson of St. Paul, among a great many others who wrote after reading "Let the Buyer Beware," wherein we see bad politics but good morals in Senator Sheppard's proposal to make the buyer of liquor equally guilty with the seller. We said, too, that the suggestion is as sound as the Eighteenth Amendment, and call that faint praise.

Mr. Eichhorn tells us frankly he is done with us; that he's sick of hypocrisy, two-faced wolves in sheep's clothing and so on. We could wish that Mr. Eichhorn would read that editorial again; but we suppose it's too late.

But Mrs. Jackson merely wants to know why the purchase of a bottle of whisky should arouse more horror and call for more legislation than the murder of a human being or the theft of public or private moneys.

We wish we knew.



ALL of which makes us glad to acknowledge a postcard from Mr. J. J. Merrill (we hope we have the name right), a railroad conductor of Crane, Missouri:

"You will take as much pleasure using Missouri Pacific service as I do reading Collier's. Please try it."

—

WE WILL not mention the author's name nor the title of his story but will go as far as to quote Mrs. Beulah Luman of Augusta, Maine, who says she thinks everybody was cheated when we bought that yarn.

"However," writes she, "I couldn't possibly feel as badly about it as you should; I paid only a nickel to read it, whereas you must have paid several dollars for the so-called right to publish it. Besides, I got much more than five cents' worth elsewhere in the magazine."

And that's why editors publish more than one story per magazine.

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An Advertisement of the
American Telephone and Telegraph Company

ON JANUARY 1, 1930, there is effective a reduction in various long distance telephone rates in the Bell System which on the present volume of calls means a saving of more than $5,000,000 a year to the telephone-using public in the United States. This is the fourth reduction in long distance rates within a little more than three years. On October 1, 1926, they were reduced by $3,000,000. On December 1, 1927, a reduction of $1,500,000 went into effect. On February 1, 1929, there was a reduction of $5,000,000.

THESE REDUCTIONS are in accordance with the aim of the Bell System to continue to furnish the best possible telephone service at the least cost to the public. Earnings must, of course, be sufficient to permit the best possible telephone service at all times and to provide a reasonable payment to stockholders with an adequate margin to insure financial safety. Earnings in excess of these requirements will either be spent for the enlargement and improvement of the service, or the rates for the service will be reduced. This is fundamental in the policy of the management.

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Manufacturers know there is no finer vacuum tube made. They construct their sets so as exactly to match RCA Radiotrons. Inferior tubes—imitations of genuine Radiotrons—mean inferior performance.

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The only vacuum tubes the leading manufacturers recommend

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Collier's The National Weekly for January 4, 1930

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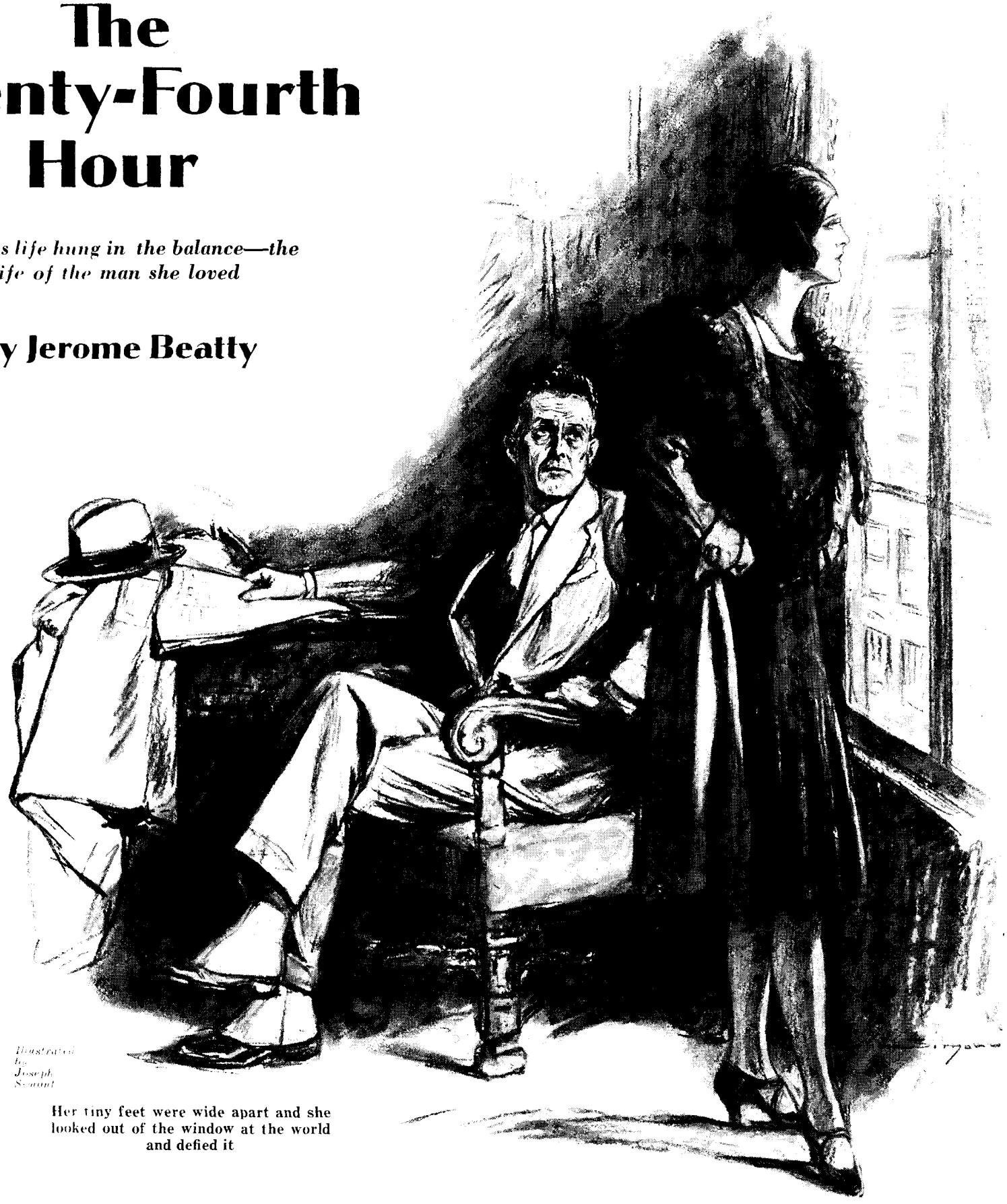
The Twenty-Fourth Hour

A man's life hung in the balance—the life of the man she loved

By Jerome Beatty



Illustrated by Joseph Semont

Her tiny feet were wide apart and she looked out of the window at the world and defied it

THEY had been there for three hours, the girl and the man. It was now noon and a white-haired old Negro set the catch on the high carved doors that led from the Governor's regal anteroom, where they sat, out into the wide foyer. No more callers were admitted after noon on Saturdays.

As the morning passed many visitors had presented their names to the Governor's secretary, were admitted to the sanctum and had gone. There were state senators, representatives, a judge or two, fifteen members of the baseball team that had won the state championship, a delegation of club women who lodged a protest about something or other, the mayor of a near-by city who wanted the Governor to deliver a Memorial Day address.

But the Governor's secretary had ignored the two, now the huge room's only occupants, who sat in the high-backed throne-like chairs by the broad window.

The man shook his head in doubt. His name was Montgomery H. Latham and he was known as one of the greatest criminal lawyers in the state. He was a sturdy man of sixty, with bushy black hair. He was immaculate in a blue suit and gray gaiters. On a table beside him lay his camel's-hair topcoat and his brown velours hat.

"Looks bad," he said to the girl. "I'm afraid—"

"I'm not," she said sharply.

"We've got only a little more than twelve hours," he reminded her.

"*Fourteen* hours," she declared firmly. "Fourteen hours and," she looked at her wrist watch, "and twenty-six minutes!"

SHE rose and walked to the window. There was firmness in her carriage. In her soft brown eyes was a competent gleam and the pitch of her chin showed a fighting heart. She was young, she was beautiful, she was lithe—like a thoroughbred.

Hundreds of girls could sing and dance and deliver lines better than Alice Rankin but hers was the name that shone in electric lights, while the others still were in the chorus. She had charm. Not sex appeal, charm. When men and women looked at Alice Rankin they knew at once that she was all right.

Her fox fur was loose at her throat. She pushed back her coat and set her knuckles on her hips. Her tiny feet were apart and she looked out of the window at the world and defied it.

"After all," the lawyer said, "you must admit that we haven't a very strong argument for the Governor."

She did not turn her head. "Jack didn't do it," she retorted. "That's the strongest argument in the world. They don't hang innocent men."

Latham shrugged his shoulders and picked up a morning newspaper that he already had read four times.

THE Governor ran a hand through his long, tawny hair and looked over the gold-rimmed glasses that perched perilously on the end of his nose.

"Did you want me, Governor?" The Attorney General had entered through a private door that led from a secret hallway into the Governor's office. The Attorney General was tall and gray and lean, and his mouth was small and hard.

"Yes, General," said the Governor.

"Sit down." He waved a hand toward a massive leather chair on the other side of the elaborately carved mahogany desk. "I was just talking to G. W.," indicating with a nod the Lieutenant Governor, who was sprawled out in another chair, chewing a long cigar.

The Attorney General lighted a cigarette, kicked a suitcase out of his way and dropped into the chair and crossed his knees.

"G. W. and I are going to drive to Pine Lake to spend Sunday," the Governor observed. "Want to go along?"

The Attorney General shook his head. "I bought a new set of matched clubs. My golf is getting good."

"We need a quart or two of rye," said the Lieutenant Governor. "Can you—"

"Sure. Stop at my house. I'll phone the missus." He looked inquiringly from the Governor to the Lieutenant Governor. "Is that why you got me in here?"

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"Oh, no. I forgot for a moment." The Governor picked up a pencil and began to make crosses and squares on his blotter. "The Rankin girl is outside. Latham, Van Dyke's attorney, is with her. I'm rather inclined—"

The Attorney General threw his legs apart and lunged forward. He pounded a fist on the desk. "For crimeny's sake, Governor, don't be a fool!"

"That's what I told him," the Lieutenant Governor agreed promptly.

"I thought," the Governor offered, "I thought I might grant a stay of, maybe, a week."

The Attorney General was emphatic. "Jack Van Dyke is guilty. You've granted two stays already. The execution is set for tonight. Let him hang!"

"The girl phoned my secretary this morning. She says she has absolute evidence that Jessie Duke is in town and that she'll have a statement from her before Monday."

"Jessie Duke!" the Lieutenant Governor laughed. "Ha!"

"That's the song and dance they gave you twice before," the Attorney General protested. "Don't be a sucker! The papers are riding you hard enough now and if you mention Jessie Duke once more you'll be the biggest joke in the state. The cartoonists and funny writers haven't entirely forgotten yet and if you give them another opening—good night!"

"But just a week—" the Governor suggested.

"Don't you remember all those cartoons last Christmas when you gave Van Dyke a stay on this same cock and bull yarn?" the Attorney General declaimed. "How Jessie Duke must be Santa Claus and all that? We got an election in November and if you don't sit tight the papers will Jessie-Duke us right out of these jobs. He shot Bernstein. Let him hang!"

"SURE," the Lieutenant Governor put in. "The jury said he was guilty, the Court of Appeals said he was guilty, everybody in this state agrees. There's been too much talk already about how Van Dyke will never hang because he's a rich man's son. You've given him almost a year—"

"Ten months," said the Governor. "This is the last of April."

"If they can't find their witness in ten months," the Attorney General sneered, "there isn't any witness."

"But there's Latham," the Governor began. "I don't want to offend him."

"Rats!" The Attorney General dismissed Latham with a wave of a hand. "Latham himself thinks Van Dyke is guilty. He's just going through the motions. He put up the best defense he could and now he's paid off and ready to wash up. Old Man Van Dyke and all the relatives believe the boy did it and are ready to let him ride. It's the Rankin girl that's keeping things hot. I'll bet a thousand dollars that Latham knows this Jessie Duke story is all a lot of hooey."

"I sort of feel sorry for the boy," said the Governor. "He's a nice kid."

"Humph!" the Attorney General snorted. "He's a Van Dyke. His father stole every cent he's got. The sisters are tramps. Society folks!" He snorted his disgust. "He murdered a man. Let him hang!"

"That's what I say," the Lieutenant Governor declared.

The Governor shrugged his shoulders. "All right, then," he agreed. "The sentence stands." He looked at the clock. "We better be going, G. W. Won't you change your mind, General?"

"Not me. I'm just about set to shoot me a ninety with my new clubs."

"Steel shafts?" the Governor asked.

"No, wood. You can't get—"

"I changed to steel shafts," the Governor began, "and . . ."

While the man and the girl waited outside, alone in the big room, the question of steel shafts vs. wooden shafts was debated for fifteen minutes. When the argument reached an impasse the Governor picked up his bag and told his secretary to go out and say that under no circumstances would he interfere with the due process of law in the case of the State vs. John Van Dyke, legally convicted of the murder of Lucky Joe Bernstein, and sentenced by the court to hang at 2:30 A. M. on Sunday, April 28th. That moment now was less than fourteen hours away.

AS THE Governor's secretary opened the door, Alice whirled from the window and stepped toward him, her eyes seeking an answer. The Governor's secretary looked past her at Latham, who had risen slowly to his feet.

"Well?" the girl demanded.

"What news, Dockery?" Latham asked.

The secretary shook his head. "Nothing doing."

"He'll see us, though?" Alice asked quickly.

"I'm sorry. He's gone for the day."

"Gone! Where?" she protested.

"On a personal matter."

She seized his coat. "Where's he gone?" she snapped.

"Er—Pine Lake—to the hotel. Over Sunday."

"There's a telephone there, if we need him?" Latham asked.

"Oh, yes. But, Mr. Latham, really—there's no hope. Really."

"No hope!" Alice disputed. "Don't talk nonsense. Jack didn't shoot Bernstein. They don't hang innocent men!"

"I trust not, Miss Rankin," the secretary offered.

She looked at her watch.

"Now, Dockery," Latham began, "don't you suppose we could catch the Governor? If I could just have a little talk with him, perhaps—"

"Never mind that talking thing," the girl interrupted sharply. "We have work to do. Come on!"

"I'M AFRAID we're sunk, Miss Rankin," said Latham. They were in his limousine, riding from the state capitol to his office.

She turned on him fiercely. "Are you going to be like all the rest?"

"What do you mean?" he asked, uneasily.

"You believe Van, don't you? You know there is such a person as Jessie Duke?"

"Of course." There was a strut in his voice as he added: "Didn't I establish that at the trial?"

She ignored his boast. "You know, don't you, that she saw the murder committed—that she knows who was standing behind Van and who did the shooting?"

"If we find her, Miss Rankin," he evaded, "she won't tell."

"She will tell," she muttered through clenched teeth. She gripped Latham's arm so tight that it hurt him.

"Well," he agreed, "if we find her, at least that may be sufficient to make the Governor give us another stay. But, Miss Rankin, the real murderer—" he paused, "if, er, if it—"

Alice raged, and pointed to the telephone. "Get the Governor!"

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"Yes, yes, I hear you," Alice was saying. "Apartment 4D, Number 2236 North Dollinger Place." Latham hastily wrote down the address. His fingers were trembling

"If what?" she demanded. "Do you mean, if it wasn't Van?"

"No, no," he said hastily. "The real murderer knows that Jessie Duke saw him. Even if she wanted to tell, he and his gang would stop her. Look at this sensibly. We—"

"SENSIBLY!" she raged. "That's what has left Van without a friend but me—looking at it 'sensibly'! That stuffed shirt of a father of his and his sisters—they're being 'sensible.' Look at it sensibly! That's the alibi of quitters. They all believe he's guilty—everybody but me. Me—" she added, "and Jessie Duke and the man who really fired the shot. Van's people know that if he's freed he'll marry me—me, a musical comedy actress. They'd rather see him dead! And that isn't all! His sisters and the other relatives know that if Van dies they'll get more of the old man's money. What a fine lot of swine. *They're* murderers! Killing Van for his money!"

"You might as well be calm," Latham tried to soothe her. "Perhaps, as you say, we'll save him. But if we can't find Jessie Duke in time—I would advise you to prepare. The shock, I'm afraid—"

"I'm no quitter, Mr. Latham. I love Jack and he loves me and I'm a one-man dog. I'm going to get him out of there. I told him I would and he believes me. I'm going to make good!"

"Jessie Duke may be dead. They may have killed her."

"Why should that priest telephone me then?"

"He may not have been a priest," he suggested. "I am afraid that it was some cruel practical joker."

"He said she was dying of tuberculosis and wanted to see me."

"But he was evasive. He would not tell his name, nor when you could see her, nor where. It doesn't hold water, that story."

"There's nothing the matter with that story. It was true talk. Those gunmen, he said, were going away over Sunday and probably I could sneak in and see her."

"Well," Latham resignedly gestured with his hands, "it will do no harm to hope." He looked at his watch. "At three o'clock, he was to call?"

"Yes, and he'll call, too."

"Umm," said Latham, as the limousine stopped at their destination.

They pushed through the group of reporters who were waiting in Latham's outer office.

"No news yet, boys," he said. "I may turn up something though. I'm working with might and main."

"Humph!" said Alice, who had gone on ahead.

THEY sat down in Latham's office and he glanced at the evening paper that lay on his desk. A headline all the way across the page read: VAN DYKE TO HANG BEFORE DAYBREAK.

Alice leaned forward.

"Liars!" she said.

She looked at the bronze clock on the desk.

"We'll get a call in five minutes," she predicted. "He'll phone at three."

Latham was looking through some papers on his desk.

"Isn't it queer," he mused, "how little things affect lives? Here is a case that I am trying next month. If a man had not stopped to tie his shoe, he would be alive today."

"That's nothing. If Van hadn't forgotten about daylight-saving time he would have been on a train for New York when the murder was committed."

"This is a most interesting case. Down at Thirty-second and Main—"

"I'm interested in only one case, Mr. Latham." She rose and went to the window. "Go ahead with your work. Don't mind me."

The telephone bell rang sharply. She strode toward the desk as Latham took off the French phone.

"Hello," he said.

Alice stood tense beside him.

"Oh, hello, Bill," he said, and looked up at her and shook his head.

Her tired shoulders sagged as she walked back to the window and she clenched her fists as Latham and a man named Bill decided whom they would get to make the fourth in their Sunday golf game.

Finally Latham replaced the phone.

"Wasn't him," he said.

"So I gathered."

Five minutes passed. Ten minutes. Half an hour. The execution was only eleven hours away.

Latham looked up from his papers. The girl still was standing by the window, looking at the sky as if searching for inspiration from the sunshine.

"Won't you sit down?" he said.

She shook her head and smiled wanly. "I'm praying," she said, simply.

Suddenly the telephone bell rang. Latham reached out, but Alice was ahead of him.

"Hello!" she said. . . .

"Yes, this is Miss Rankin. . . ."

She turned to Latham. "It's Jessie Duke!" she exclaimed.

Latham leaped to his feet.

"Yes, yes, I hear you," Alice was saying. "Apartment 4D, Number 2236 North Dollinger Place."

Latham hastily wrote down the address. His fingers were trembling.

"Yes," Alice said. "I'll start immediately. Thank you, thank you. . . . What's that? Hello! Hello!"

She quickly hung up the telephone.

"She's ready to talk!" she cried. "Let's go!"

A group of men and women were talking excitedly with a policeman on the sidewalk in front of the dingy apartment on Dollinger Place as Alice and Latham jumped out of Latham's limousine.

(*Continued on page 32*)

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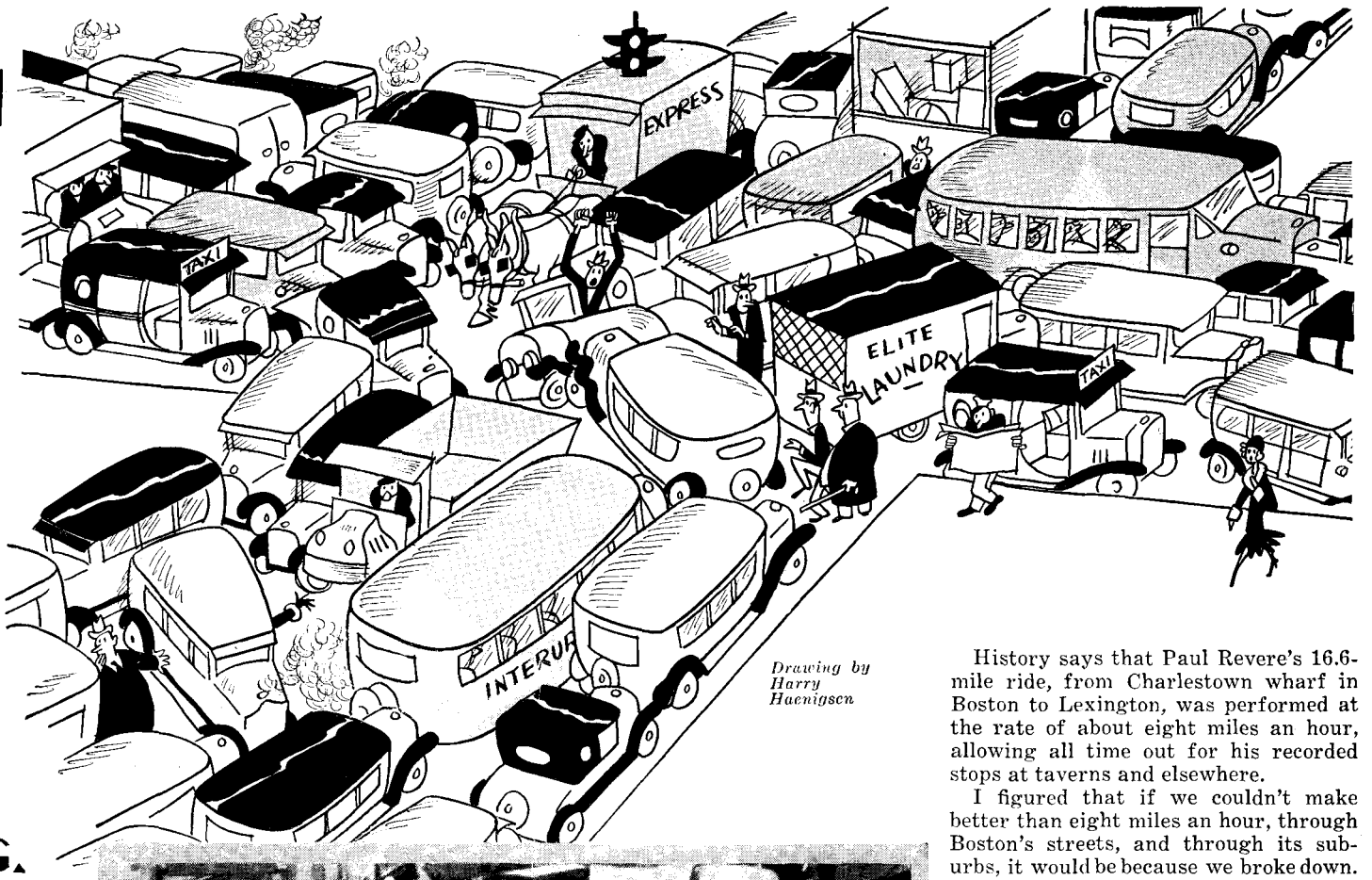
This Jammed Traffic

Can we today beat Paul Revere's time over the course of his famous ride from Boston wharf to Lexington? Yes, we can. Mr. Shepherd has done it. But he succeeded only because a stop watch was used to take time out whenever he was held up by the police. That's the state our traffic's in. And here's what the engineers are preparing to do about it



Drawing by Harry Haenigsen

By William G. Shepherd

OF COURSE we could beat the time of Paul Revere's ride in our big one-hundred-and-ten-horse-power car.

I knew it from the first, even if two automobile loads of Boston reporters and photographers seemed to doubt it and hovered skeptically before and behind us.

I had it all figured out. In the first place, Paul Revere stopped at several inns along the route. That must have held him back somewhat and I counted that Advantage Number One in favor of our great motor car.

The second advantage was that Paul Revere rode in the darkness, between 11 P. M. and 2 A. M., while we rode in the daylight.

Advantage Number Three was that we moved on air-cushioned tires, over a glassy concrete pavement that had cost perhaps fifty thousand dollars a mile, while Paul rode over cobblestones and along rough, country roads made even rougher by ruts caused by the heavy April rains. When you see the results of the race, later on, you'll discover how important this fact really proved to be.

Still more, as Advantage Number Four, Paul's vehicle was of only one horse-power, while ours yielded over twenty horse-power per man. That was an important fact to take into consideration. Before starting out, also, I secured the additional fact that Paul must have ridden a poor nag. I counted this as the fifth point in our favor.

We have today, in the United States cavalry, good horses that will run sixteen miles in a one-hour test. Indeed, the regulation cavalry rate for the gallop is sixteen miles an hour, though not all horses, by any means, can maintain that rate for sixty minutes. There must have been such horses in Paul Revere's time, but he didn't have one of that sort that night.

I wouldn't have been so sure of beating Revere's time if he had been riding one of those sixteen-mile-an-hour horses. The police won't let you go much faster than that, anyhow.

Here's the result of bad traffic regulation—an enforced intermission in the flow of commerce in Medford, Massachusetts

There are eight possible left-hand turns in traffic, any one of which may be the best at a given intersection

History says that Paul Revere's 16.6-mile ride, from Charlestown wharf in Boston to Lexington, was performed at the rate of about eight miles an hour, allowing all time out for his recorded stops at taverns and elsewhere.

I figured that if we couldn't make better than eight miles an hour, through Boston's streets, and through its suburbs, it would be because we broke down.

Still another thing that made me hopeful of beating Paul Revere was my perusal of a book of 435 pages containing an intensive scientific study of the Boston traffic problem. Its title is almost as long as the ride: A Report on the Street Traffic Control Problem of the City of Boston, prepared by the Albert Russell Erskine Bureau, Harvard University, Miller McClintock, Director. This book showed me that for over three years expert minds had been studying and setting to rights as nearly as possible, with all the power of the city's ordinances behind them, the traffic jumble in Boston. Several miles an hour had been added to

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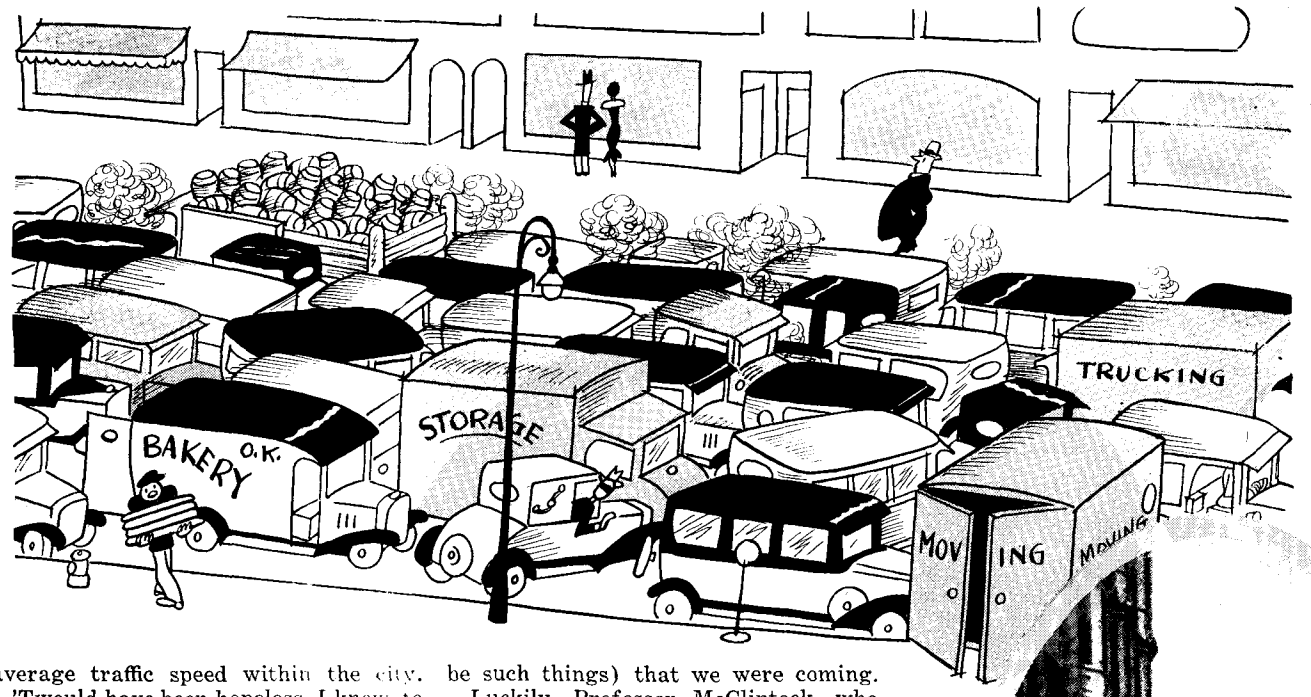


average traffic speed within the city.

'Twould have been hopeless, I knew, to have attempted in the city of New York the speed which I hoped to use in Boston. Recent official calculations show that crosstown motor car speed in New York is six miles an hour; speed along the great north and south arteries reaches, as a maximum average, fourteen miles an hour, on a dry day. In Boston I knew our speed could be higher.

If the Boston newspaper reporters and photographers who saw a look of great confidence on my face as I stepped into the car at Charlestown wharf for the race against Revere's time, were puzzled by my assurance and by that of Professor Miller McClintock, who accompanied me, it was because, like Lindbergh, I had figured it all out to the last possible detail and knew that, if all went well, I should succeed.

Playing the Part of the British

Truth to tell, I didn't know that the skeptical eyes of the press of Boston were on us throughout the venture. I have reason to believe that some of the gentlemen of the press sought to put obstacles in our way in order to prevent us from beating Revere. They wanted me to lose. To have had Revere beat us would have been a good story. For example, I was annoyed, puzzled and then amazed at the number of traffic policemen who held us up. Some made us move over to the curb to examine the driver's license. Others stopped us to ask who owned the car. Our stoppage by these Massachusetts officers was perhaps only fair, because Paul Revere was forced to detour several times by British officers, a number of whom ended his ride for him at Lexington by stealing his horse.

One policeman on a motorcycle, at Medford, a Boston suburb, drove us over to the curb and claimed we were going thirty miles an hour. He spent a good deal of time talking about our speeding. As a matter of fact, ours was perhaps the only car he had seen in years that was moving absolutely as the law provides—not a knot faster than twenty miles an hour.

No less a person than Traffic Commissioner William A. Fisher, of Boston, was in the car with me, watching Edward A. MacDonald, a Traffic Commission inspector, drive the car, at the twenty-mile speed.

When we got to the end of the route, however, the mystery of our various stops was explained. Two carloads of reporters had been moving ahead of us, giving warning, I have good reason to believe, to their policemen friends (if there be such things) that we were coming.

Luckily, Professor McClintock, who was keeping time on our ride, was using a stop watch. He took time out for every delay, even while the suburban policemen were threatening us, so that at the end we knew our actual running time exactly, in spite of the hurdles the newspaper men had put in our way. Without the stop watch Revere might have beaten us. But the fact remains and is a matter of official record that we in our car, with several advantages on our side, beat the time of Paul Revere on his old plug.

Our average speed for the run was seventeen miles an hour! Compare that with Revere's average of eight miles an hour! We won!

It's true our car could have gone faster. Indeed, it could have done ninety miles an hour, so far as its mechanical power was concerned, and we could have covered Revere's route in about six minutes. But it was held back throughout the entire trip and was able to go at a rate no faster than a good horse can run for one hour, by a power far greater than its own—far greater, in truth, than the combined power of the twenty million and more automobiles in the United States today—the power of our stupidity in trying to solve the problem of how to move about, *en masse*, with these great new engines of ours, our motor cars.

Millions of cars and trucks throughout the cities of the entire land are slowed down daily as was ours, and their great engines all but paralyzed, by the power that held us back.

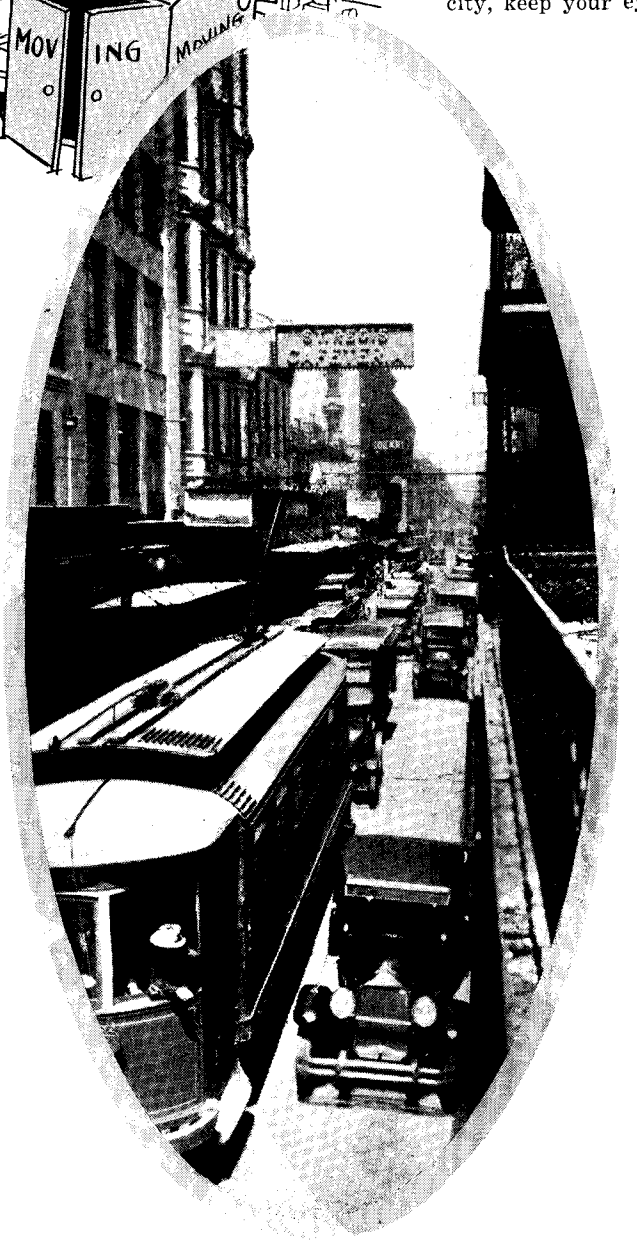
Are we stupid in handling city traffic? Just think over the following picture of how we do it:

In many of the great cities of the country, by the time this article goes to press, winter may have brought blizzards. If it hasn't it will. Stop and think of what happens in your town after a blizzard.

Legacies of the Horse Era

In the old days of horses sidewalk snow shovels were brought out in a hurry. Property owners obeyed the snow-shoveling law. They pushed the snow off the sidewalks out into the street. It was better to have the horses, drawing sleighs and cutters, fight the snow than to expect pedestrians on the sidewalk to do it. And what did the horse care? He soon trampled down the snow and had his roadway as smooth as the sidewalks.

But now, with the horse practically gone from our cities, we do the same thing. You and I and most of the other folks in town, the chances are, will not use the cleaned sidewalks at all. As usual, on this morning after the blizzard, we'll get into our cars and try to fight our way to business, school or factory through great artificial drifts of snow built up by the law-obeying body of our fellow citizens with their snow shovels. Motor cars will stall; great trucks carrying food and other freight will stand helplessly with their wheels whirling in vain on a floor of ice and snow; taxicabs will become undependable. The pace of the entire city will be slowed down for many hours, perhaps for several days, until the snow can be removed from the motor car routes—not only the snow which has fallen there but also the tremendous piles placed there by sidewalk shovels.



Traffic congestion in Royal Street, principal business artery of New Orleans

In the meantime note how few people actually use the wide, cleaned sidewalks. There are many districts in our great Northern cities, though they should be carefully studied and designated by traffic engineers and not by ordinary police authorities, in which property owners, as their first action after a blizzard, should be required to remove the snow from that half of the sidewalk nearest the buildings and pile it on the outside half of the walk, instead of throwing it into the street as a highway blockade.

In one photograph, shown with this article, you will have a view which we caught of a blockade in a Boston street. Eight loaded trucks are stalled, while two pedestrians blandly move along the overly wide sidewalk.

As a motorist who frequently curses the slowness of motor traffic in your city, keep your eyes open and you will see, dozens of times a day, cases where overwide and practically unused sidewalk space plays its part in slowing down our motor cars.

Nothing but study, by engineers, will ever solve the traffic problem in our cities, and the profession of street traffic engineering is so new and its members so few that we must wait, in many cities, until more of them are produced by such agencies as the Erskine Bureau at Harvard. We can't wait long, either; some cities have reached a point where traffic sometimes stands still.

We don't know the fundamental problems to be solved. Our trouble is that some of us *think* we know, and that viewpoint only helps to block traffic all the more.

People who *think* they know are only too often in positions of power. They do foolish things to try to control us. Frequently they anger us. Read this from the traffic report of the American Engineering Council:

"Some of the outstanding tendencies which this survey discloses justify an emphatic word of warning. It is clearly obvious that some cities are making two fundamental errors in installing street traffic signs, signals, and markings. These errors are:

"1. Placing traffic control devices without adequate study of the conditions which their use is intended to improve, or of the evil effects produced at several and other intersections resulting from the attempt to correct undesirable conditions at one particular intersection.

"2. Operating traffic control devices at places and times not justified by the conditions.

"If these tendencies continue, the inevitable result will be a public recognition of the errors and a consequent neglect or unfriendliness toward street traffic signs, signals, and markings. This neglect will lead to the ultimate defeat of useful and effective methods of traffic control!" (*Continued on page 38*)

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Careless Love

Luther spent twelve dollars and sixty cents to marry up good with Christeen; and when a man wastes money like that he deserves all he gets

By Roark Bradford

LUTHER blamed no one but himself for marrying Christeen. As much as he hated her, he admitted that she was against the marriage and that he, himself, had contrived to catch her fancy.

And being married to a woman—married with a courthouse license—is no trivial matter among the plantation Negroes along Black River in northern Louisiana. When you marry a woman with a pair of courthouse licenses you get the Law mixed into your affairs, whereas if you merely marry with a pair of commissary licenses, the Law has nothing to do with it.

"I don't mean jest to marry you, gal," Luther told Christeen. "I mean I'm goin' to Columbia and buy me a pair er cou'thouse licenses and marry you good. Den us gonter take and hang dem licenses right over de mantelpiece whar all kin see. And den I reckon won't nobody try to shame you."

Christeen capitulated. The women had been wagging their tongues about her and Bulger Doakes. Of course they didn't know anything bad, because there was nothing bad to know. But Christeen knew that if big old Bulger kept up his sweet talk—well, a poor girl can resist only so much. And Bulger was married up with a woman named Della, which made it all the more scandalous. He had promised to take Della to the commissary and divorce her for Christeen. But, still, the women would talk, even if he did. Christeen in her mind could hear the pious sisters sing:

"So I read on down to-a Number Ten:
Steal another woman's man, you's a-doin' a sin!"

And a commissary husband, where the couple goes to the commissary and registers as man and wife for the purpose of obtaining supplies on credit, is valid for social purposes in the Black River country. And more convenient than the more elaborate legal process of buying a license, too.

If Luther had married Christeen with a commissary license, all they would have had to do to end the marriage would be to notify the man at the store that they no longer were man and wife, and that each, thereafter, would be responsible for his or her supplies account. Whereas, getting the Law mixed into their domestic affairs, one or the other of the wedded pair would have to go to Arkansas to break the spell.

Only the more prosperous indulged in the courthouse license weddings. They were expensive. First you had to give a doctor five dollars for a piece of paper that said you could buy the license. Then you gave the man at the courthouse three dollars and a half for the big, fancy license that entitled you to get married. And of course a man had to buy his bride-to-be a present—usually a fancy dress. Luther paid four dollars and a dime for Christeen's.

"TWELVE dollars and sixty cents I paid jest to marry you, gal," he grumbled. "And dat's twenty dollars mo'n you's worth. I c'd a tuck dem twelve dollars and sixty cents and rid de 'scursion train into N' Awlins and back."

"I wisht you had a rid somethin' somewhar," Christeen retorted. "Den I wouldn't a been married up to a squinchy little ole runt like you. You might be de best cotton raiser on de place. And maybe you got more credik at de store dan anybody. And might you kin chew more chewin' tobacco dan de yuther mens, but you sho' is a rotten husband."

They lived in a small cabin a mile or more from the main settlement, on the very bank of the river. The boss-man had a big field of newly cleared land that he wanted worked, and Luther, being steady and industrious and a good hand with the mules, was trusted to work the isolated new ground with practically no supervision.

For Luther it was about the same as living right in the settlement. He worked all day and slept all night. But for Christeen it was difficult. She missed seeing the neighbors all the time. She dreaded the long walks through the fields to the store for supplies. She tried diligently to make the little cabin attractive by festooning colored paper from barrel hoops on the ceiling and putting brown pictures from the catalogue on the walls. But she couldn't get interested. She worked doggedly in the fields, hoeing, and she was among the best hoe-hands on the place. But hoeing with a group of women was one thing, and hoeing alone was something else. She grumbled to Luther, but she got no sympathy.

"I done married you, gal," he said. "Now you come devilin' me. Did you brought me back some chewin' tobacco f'm de store?"

Christeen admitted that she hadn't been to the store that day.

"Sho' you ain't," Luther said. "'Cause you ain't got no sense in yo' haid. But me? I been plowin' out yonder, all day long, and I ax you to git me a plug er chewin'. But naw! You got to grumble 'bout how lonesome you is, and I got to wawk plum to de store, and me tired as a dog, jest so I kin git me a chew."

The crop progressed. Luther rose earlier in the mornings and worked later in the evenings. Christeen never forgot his chewing tobacco again. But her visits to the store became more protracted as the days dragged by. And one day she contrived to return through the field in which old Bulger was plowing—just to pass the time of day with him, she told herself.

"I GITS so tired er lookin' at dat little ole runt," she told Bulger, "dat my eyes is pyore hurtin' for a sight at you."

"Yeah?" Bulger stopped his mule and rested between the plow handles. "Well, baby, I might c'd bust up marryin' wid Della and marry wid you, did you tawk sorter sweet at me."

"Nawp," Christeen stated positively. "I and Luther is cou'thoused."

"Dat's what I had in mind," Bulger told her. "You git him to go up in Arkansas, quick as he gits done layin' by his cotton, and den I'll move in wid you. Den I and you kin pick dat good-lookin' crop he's raisin', and Della, she kin pick mine—"

"You don't know Luther," objected Christeen. "Dat squinch owl ain't gonter go off and leave dat cotton patch. Hit make a bale to de acre, and he love hit more gooder dan he love hisse'f, mighty nigh."

"But you tawk him off," urged Bulger. "You got a easy word and a sweet

Illustrated by Harry Burne

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"Don't hit me wid dat ax, son," he begged. "*Mister* Luther, please, suh! I wa'n't aimin' to take yo' woman"

tongue. Ef'n he's a man, well, you kin tawk him plum to Guinea. You sweet-tawk him to Arkansas, you hyar?"

That night Christeen did her best. Luther's supper was just as he liked it, and her talk-talk was honey and sugar. She broached the subject tactfully. "I hyared," she suggested, "dat hit's a heap er jobs workin' for wages up in Arkansas, right after de crops is laid by."

"Yeah?" Luther bit off his after-dinner chew of tobacco and began upon it with relish.

"And f'm de tawk I hyars," continued Christeen, "you ain't hardly gonter be able to give yo' cotton away dis fall. Let alone sell hit."

Luther chewed and reflected. "Who tole you dat tawk?" he asked.

Christeen fidgeted. "Hit's de tawk at de store," she lied.

"Bulger gonter git him a job workin' for wages?" Luther demanded suddenly.

Christeen fumbled her hands nervously. "How do I know what Bulger gonter git him a job doin'?" she countered. "I ain't mindin' Bulger's business. Dat big rascal big enough to mind his own!" The last assertion, she decided immediately, shouldn't have been made. But she knew in her heart it was the natural truth!

Luther ejected his tobacco cud, stood up and faced Christeen. "Woman," he said, "I got some sense in my haid. Don't you go snake-in-de-grassin' on me. Do you like Bulger, well, go on and marry wid him 'cause I don't like you. But as long as you's bein' married wid me, I ain't gonter have no yuther man on yo' mind. I married jest 'cause de boss-man say I ought to git married when I moved down hyar. And I got crazy in my haid and married you 'cause you was de biggest fool on de place and I was crazy. But do I ketch you snake-in-de-grassin' on me, I ain't gonter whup you. Not me. I'm gonter whup you and Bulger, too!" And he walked abruptly into the house and went to bed.

Christeen sat through his talk quietly, meekly. But when he came to the part where he said he was going to whip Bulger, it was too much. She broke into a hearty laugh. "You?" she demanded. "You and who else?"

That was Tuesday night. On Wednesday it rained and Luther couldn't work in the fields, so he spent the day hauling out steamboat wood that he had cut at odd times. The steamboat captain paid three dollars a cord for wood stacked on the bank.

Christeen continued her daily jaunts to the store, but she avoided meeting Bulger. After all, Luther was right. They were married. He had spent his good money—twelve dollars and sixty cents—and she knew in her heart she wasn't worth that much to him as a wife.

Then, too, people liked to gossip. The women just lived from one scandal to another. And if she had an affair with Bulger—and both of them married—the other women would shame her out of the settlement. A married woman had to mind her step. They wouldn't shame Bulger; they would laugh at him, and say: "Dat big scound'el is a sight! He jest gits after *all* de women! Dat Bulger, he's one more!" But they wouldn't laugh at her. They would gather up their children when they saw her, and suck their teeth. "Yonder goes dat bad Christeen," they would say. "Ain't got a lick er shame in dis worrul'! Got a good husband, but got to snake-in-de-grass wid some yuther man! Never was no good, nohow, and gittin' worser."

AT PRAYER meeting, Sunday night, an open break came. Bulger sang bass in the choir, and Christeen sang "woman's lead." Luther, who did not sing, sat in the back of the church and watched suspiciously.

When Christeen took a high note, she looked at Bulger and made the note tremble in her mouth. Whereupon Bulger bellowed out a low, croaking sound and "wropped up" Christeen's voice. Then they exchanged knowing glances.

Luther fumed throughout the services. When meeting broke up, he went straight to Bulger. "You ape!" he said, "you was sing-singin' at my wife!"

"Go on, now, Luther," protested Bulger. "I ain't huntin' for no trouble."

"Yo' don't got to hunt," Luther stated. "You done found hit." And he made a motion toward his hip pocket. He said afterwards that he merely was reaching for his chewing tobacco, but Bulger said he thought Luther was reaching for a razor. Anyway, when he moved his hand, Bulger hit him on the jaw with his fist.

The next day Luther worked in his cotton, "laying it by." His jaw ached. He couldn't eat. He couldn't even chew tobacco with comfort. "Jest got to put hit in my mouf," he grumbled, "and soak de subster out'n hit like a baby suckin' on a middlin' skin."

By the middle of the week, he finished plowing his crop, and began hauling out more steamboat wood. He and Christeen kept on the coolest of terms. She had his meals ready on time, so there would be no cause for argument, and Luther ate the meals in silence so he would not provoke one. By Saturday noon there were six cords of steamboat wood stacked neatly upon the river bank.

"Well," Luther said casually, "hit bein' Sadday, I reckon us might go over to de store."

They put on their best clothes and walked the mile in silence, each anticipating a dull time and hoping for a gay one.

At the store the other workers and their families gathered, exchanging small talk and chattering foolishly among themselves, all enjoying the weekly half-holiday with good-natured mildness. Luther and Christeen walked in. Luther went to the counter and called for a "plug er Star and two boxes er sardine fishes wid crackers, and de cans opened up." Christeen edged into a group of women who gathered around the easy-talking Bulger.

BULGER was eating cheese and crackers and keeping the women in an uproar with his talk. "Yeah," he said, "I and Della done quit marryin'. She too good for me. I gived her my crop, 'scusin' what I owes hyar at de store. And me? I'm woman-hunting. All er y'all ladies better mind out!"

"Ain't you a sight!" exclaimed one of the women. "I swear! A lady jest ain't safe wid you rampin' around! Ole Bulger is a *case!*" And the giggling was general.

"Bulger is jest one more!" piped in Christeen. "He jest do womens like dat! You jest can't trust dat man for no husband, a-tall!"

"Aw, I'm a good husband," Bulger protested. "De only thing, I got to git me a wife like I likes. I got my eye on one, now. And jest quick as I kin divo'ce her away f'm her husband, I'm gonter marry her so hard she won't know what hit her!"

"Humph!" grunted Christeen. But her blood tingled to the tips of her ears. "Dat's what you tole Della, too, I bet."

"Baby," said Bulger, dropping his voice to a soft buzzing whisper, "ef'n I'd a sawn you before I got married up wid Della, well, me and you—"

"You, Bulger!" Luther had just received his purchases and come up to the group. "You's sweet-tawkin' my wife!"

Bulger started to tell Luther it was friendly talk, but just as he opened his mouth to say it Luther hurled an opened tin of sardines squarely into his face.

The fight was brief. Bulger sputtered in surprise a time or two, and then swung his big fist to Luther's jaw.

Luther got up and sidled off. He was mad; he felt abused. And the worst part of it was, he was right and Bulger was wrong, and still he couldn't do a thing about it.

Before long, he ambled back home, leaving Christeen at the store to continue her jow-jowing with Bulger. As he passed through his own cotton field he felt a thrill of pride in the fact that his was the best crop on the plantation. It was waist-high, and already the purple blooms were appearing under the big, greenish-blue leaves.

"Some cotton," he told himself. But even in talking to himself his jaw ached. "I bet Bulger is jest 'busin' me like he do so he kin run me off and git my cotton. He don't want my woman. He want my cotton."

He went on home and sat upon the porch, where (*Continued on page 43*)

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Thick Turk

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Richard Connell

Illustrated by George Van Werveke

"Move and I'll drill you!" the man barked. Doolan moved. He plunged at the man with the gun. The gun banged

"THAT lad Doolan is the thickest Turk we ever had here," declared Police Lieutenant Bennett, in charge of the training school for rookies.

"Forty-four-inch chest and steel arms," said Sergeant Moran.

"Three-inch skull and iron brain," snapped Lieutenant Bennett. "For four months I've been trying to teach that big ape how to write a report. Listen. Today in the exam I ask 'What would you do if you saw an armed burglar robbing a store?' Look at his answer, Moran. . . ."

Sergeant Moran puckered his brow over the paper. Large, scraggly, childish letters ran up and down across the page. There were signs of sweaty thumb marks and many erasures.

John Doolan, candidate for the force, had written:

If i seen a bergler i wood arest same.

"The idea is O. K.," said Moran.

"I've told him fifty times how to spell burglar," complained Bennett.

"Well," remarked the sergeant, "he's a cousin of Alderman Cray."

"The trouble with the force is we've got too many cousins on it," growled Bennett.

"Aw, pass him and give him his shield," said Moran. "Stick him on some quiet beat where he can't do much harm."

"Suppose I've got to," said the lieutenant, gloomily, "or Cray will make trouble at headquarters. But you'll see. Some yegg will steal Doolan's uniform or he'll fall down a manhole. Then what will the commissioner say to me? He wants smart cops—"

"He wants authors," said Moran. "Guys who can turn in a report of a dog fight and make it sound like they had stopped the battle of Gettysburg. But give Doolan a chance, anyhow. He ain't exactly literary but he's got a sweet left hook."

"If he tried to use it he'd hit himself," said Bennett. "But I'll shove him through, dumb as he is. He won't last. Give him a stiff talking-to. Tell him he's on probation. One bonehead play, one lame-brained report and out he goes on his pressed-brick dome."

Probationary Officer John Doolan proudly paced his beat. His face was set in a blissful smile. Every time he came to a street lamp he paused to look down at the new shield shining on his broad chest. He wished the boys who had made fun of him in school because he was always at the bottom of the class could see him now. It was a dull beat, but he was happy. He was, at last, a Somebody. Yet there was a shadow on his joy. He was recalling Sergeant Moran's words:

"Look out, Doolan. The commish judges a man by the reports he turns in. Make yours fancy—"

Doolan had nodded, just as if he had understood.

Somewhere in the black silence a clock chimed two.

Then in the big house on the corner he heard another sound—the crisp tinkle of breaking glass.

He scratched his head with his nightstick.

"Funny," he mused. "Nobody's home there."

For a few moments he considered the problem.

"Now could it be goldfish?" he asked himself. "Mebbe. He's rich. He'd have goldfish. Yep, I guess mebbe it was the goldfish."

He stood gazing pensively at the big house. For a brief instant there was a flash of light behind the shutters on the first floor.

"Nope," said Probationary Officer Doolan, "I guess it ain't goldfish. Mebbe I'd better have a look."

On large feet he mounted the stone steps. He leaned out and peeped through a crack in the shutters. In the room he saw two men working to open a wall safe, by the light of a dark-lantern. They were bulky, wide-shouldered men with jaws like blue-black paving blocks. Tools were spread out on the floor beside them. Among them, Doolan noted, was a .45-caliber revolver.

IN THE training school, John Doolan had listened to many lectures on what the teacher had called "The science of apprehending nocturnal marauders." His mind had wandered off into a doze.

The teacher had told them what they should do: Notify the station; send for help; warily scout the situation. Doolan tried to remember. He couldn't. One large paw slid round to his hip pocket. He emitted a low grunt of dismay. There was no pistol there. He remembered now where it was—home under his pillow, where he had carefully put it so he'd be sure not to forget it. He felt sick inside him. He peeped in at the chink again. The men had the safe open now. They were taking out of it papers and velvet jewel cases.

Doolan drew air into his chest. Then he lifted his 197 pounds to the porch rail and hurled himself squarely against the window. It was a clumsy but vigorous dive. Under the impact of his tough body, the thin shutters gave way. There was a splintering of glass, and he rolled into the room like a big ball, blue mostly, but red where the glass had cut his face and hands.

The two men leaped back. One of them snatched up the revolver. Its long snout pointed straight at Doolan. By the faint light from the street lamp he could see it. He was on his feet now, blinking.

"Move and I'll drill you!" the man barked.

Doolan moved. He plunged at the man with the gun. The gun banged. Doolan's left arm felt full of hot needles, then numb. He drove his hard head against the man's chin. They went down in a tangle.

THE second man sprang into the fray. With a heavy chisel he cracked down on Doolan's head. Doolan's right hand gripped the first man by the throat. His left was useless, but his legs were free. Like a pair of monster pincers they clamped on the wielder of the chisel. They dragged him to the floor. Ferociously the men fought.

One burglar heaved and writhed to get his gun into action; the other twisted and struggled that he might jab or club with his chisel. Doolan's grip, with hand and legs, did not relax. Then he felt the man under him go limp. Doolan wrenched around and his right fist shot out eight inches. It caught the man with the chisel on the temple. He sagged over.

Then Doolan slowly pulled himself to his feet. Laboriously and painfully, for his wounded arm hurt horribly now, he tied the two men together with his belt and strands of wire ripped from a piano in the room. He had forgotten to bring his handcuffs.

He sat down on his two prisoners, fumbled in his pocket, got out his official notebook, moistened the point of a pencil stub, and by the dark-lantern's ray he began to write. For the first time, he groaned a little. But not because of his wound. His face was wrinkled into an agonized concentration. He wrote down things; then rubbed them out. It was slow going, with only one hand. Early gray dawn had come before he finished his literary labors.

They found Probationary Officer Doolan, unconscious from loss of blood, sitting on two equally unconscious captives. His hand still gripped his notebook. There they read in his childish, wiggling writing:

Seen 2 berglers. arested same.

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The Age of Youth

By Arthur Somers Roche

Donna was sound asleep in the big chair. Curled up in a ball, one slim leg beneath her, her right cheek cradled in her right hand

Illustrated by Jay Hyde Barnum

The Story Thus Far:

DONNA RAYNOR, a beautiful young girl, is unable to make a living in New York. Acting on impulse, she writes to Randolph Granby, a wealthy bachelor whom she had never met, explains her predicament, and ends her letter thus: "I could get a rich husband if I had the proper setting. It would cost a thousand a month, and I'd need two years. Will you give it to me?"

Granby agrees to finance the girl, who starts her campaign by subleasing the apartment of Libby Prentiss, a wealthy society girl. Almost immediately she meets a prospective husband—Frank Gardner, one of the most sought-after bachelors in America. Calling on Libby (who has gone to Europe), the young man finds Donna in the apartment and, under the influence of liquor, proposes to her. Donna orders him out. The next morning he sends orchids. Through Mme. Galere, her singing teacher, the girl presently meets people of prominence. Soon she is "in society." So far her plan is working perfectly. One morning, however, she finds an unmistakable reference to herself—with an ugly insinuation regarding her character and past—in a newspaper's gossip column. Realizing she is in danger, she resolves to show a bold front to the world.

While she is dancing with Granby at the Embassy, Gardner appears. In the hearing of others, he makes an insulting remark about Donna. The youth is obviously intoxicated, so Granby does nothing, but later, in front of Donna's apartment house, the rivals engage in a fist fight, and Granby, receiving a severe beating, is seriously hurt.

Thoroughly cognizant of the risk she runs, Donna forces the injured man to go to her apartment. Soon Dr. Lindstrom, Granby's physician, arrives. He reminds her that in not sending Granby to a hospital she is risking her good name. "But," he adds, "he shouldn't be moved."

"Then," Donna calmly replies, "you shan't move him."

VIII

AT FIVE in the morning Ran Granby awoke. Despite all the gossip about him—gossip inescapable when a man is wealthy and single—he led a regular life. He fancied that he had a figure, that his cheeks were ruddy and rugged-seeming, and that he had the air of the athlete. He did his morning bends before an open window and deluded himself into actually believing that when his fingers touched the floor his knees did not yield. He swam, played golf, rode occasionally, indulged in mixed doubles at tennis. So he was in as good condition, for his years, as any man who was not a professional athlete or a mechanic whose livelihood compelled muscular exertion.

He pictured himself, always, as a gay youth whose careless outlook on life was tempered by a cool, sane mind. Strong, attractive to women, enjoyed by men, master of any situation—he tried to live up to the picture of himself. He was a man to pose before a mirror, not Narcissus-like, but as Napoleon might have done. No worshipper of his beauty, but an admirer of his own strength. That was Ran Granby.

So, because he would not admit that nearing middle age had stolen boyish exuberance, he was wont to leap from bed on awakening, to flex his biceps, puff out his chest and strut to the bath which his valet would have prepared for him.

But this morning it did not seem to him that he was awaking. So, his dulled mind vaguely pondered, must the dead arise from their constricted beds on the far morning when the trump sounds. Not awaking from slumber, but from death itself. For the life that he felt stirring in his veins, moving along his muscles, pounding at his heart, was no eager acquiescence to consciousness, but a rebellious surrender.

It was minutes, as he lay there fighting pain and nausea, before remembrance of last night's happenings came back to him. And his first reaction was one of shame.

Donna Raynor had seen him whipped. Oh, it was all well enough to console himself with the reflection that the first blow had been cowardly, had taken him unawares, had defeated him at the outset. It was slight unguent to his humiliation to tell himself that he'd not quit, that he'd fought until collapse overtook him.

A girl had seen him whipped. Whipped by a younger and stronger man. For, without that unfair advantage which the surprise assault had given, Gardner was still his physical superior. He turned over, buried his swollen, battered countenance in the pillow, and groaned in an anguish of spirit that was more unbearable than his agony of flesh.

The nurse, white-capped, silent, was at his side instantly.

"Feel badly, Mr. Granby?"

He turned back again and opened his eyes. They looked past her at unfamiliar surroundings. But of course! He'd climbed some stairs—to Donna's apartment—

"What place is this?" he asked.

But he knew the answer before she gave it, and interrupted her reply.

"Got to get out of here—at once," he said.

The nurse pressed firm hands against his shoulders.

"Dr. Lindstrom says you can't be moved for—"

"Lindstrom? How'd he happen to be here?"

The nurse shrugged.

"I don't know. And please don't talk any more."

"Get my things for me," said Granby. "Telephone for my car—no, call a taxi."

"Mr. Granby," she protested. "Dr. Lindstrom—"

"Damn Lindstrom," he said. "My God, I can't stay here. Half New York would know it by night."

He was sitting up now, and before the determination in the blue eyes that were visible through bandages, the nurse gave way.

"But I must telephone the doctor," she said.

"Telephone all you want," he snapped. "Can't help what you do. But I know what I'm going to do."

SLOWLY, every movement giving him exquisite agony, he swung his legs out of bed. He was naked save for a blood-stained undershirt, which was no more crimson than his face now. Of course, the doctor and nurse had put him to bed, but still.... And where was she?

The question answered itself twenty minutes later. For it was fully that time before he stepped through the door of the living-room. Twice he had given up in despair. Lightning flashes assailed his eyes, pierced his very brain, and some hitherto unsuspected pulse in his head beat against his skull almost audibly, he felt.

But he wasn't going to spend the rest of the night here. That he might be seen leaving the apartment at dawn, and that a worse construction might be placed upon such a departure than upon a later one, never occurred to him. He could only comprehend that he was spending the night in a young girl's apartment and that such a thing could not be done.

The effects of the opiate, which the physician had expected to last until noon, had worn off, and the nurse dared not attempt to give him another. She could merely, having telephoned the doctor and found that he had been called out upon another emergency case, utter a perfunctory protest and ring for a taxi.

Jennie the maid was still awake and Granby felt her unspoken approval of his conduct, an approval difficult to convey because she made no sound, but placed two fingers over her lips in warn-

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ing, as he emerged from the bedroom.

For Donna was sound asleep in a big chair. Curled up in a ball, one slim leg beneath her, her right cheek cradled in her right hand, the droop of her shoulder, the youthful thinness of her and the picture of utter exhaustion she presented made Granby hate Gardner for other reasons than his own discomfort.

What sort of man was it who made open scandal about a girl? He stood for a moment before Donna. Tears had washed away the powder from her cheeks, and her lips needed renewing. Nevertheless, aided by no art, in a most disadvantageous light and posed none too gracefully, she was more vividly lovely than ever. An ache other than those in his muscles made itself felt in his heart.

What a ridiculous fool he was! She was such an amazing girl that upon her mere request he had given her a small fortune. She was such an amazing girl that young Frank Gardner, seeing her once, had been inflamed to jealousy on his second sight of her, and to something slightly short of murder on his third.

In every generation or so there is a person who wins hearts. Sometimes it is a man, more often a woman. Analyzed, one cannot tell the potency of their charm; one only knows it exists. This girl was such a one. And he, middle-aged, slightly bald, unromantic Randolph Granby, had thought to find especial favor in her sight. If he had any sense at all, he'd leave New York, leave the country. . . .

But he knew he wouldn't; that he couldn't.

Donna awoke with a chill shortly after Granby had left. The watchful Jennie was by her side instantly. Jennie had been mightily affronted that the trained nurse had ignored her offers of service, save for menial tasks such as heating water and fetching towels, and now Donna was too weak to resist the maid's ministrations.

SO SHE dosed and rubbed Donna to her heart's content. As a matter of fact, the hot drink, the massage of the temples and head, and the warm blankets were exactly what Donna needed. She fell asleep again within half an hour of waking, and during her wakefulness was too miserable and drowsy to question Jennie as to Granby's departure.

But about noon, when Jennie brought her breakfast, she listened to the maid's account of Granby's leaving. There was no possible use in making pretense to Jennie. Donna could only hope that the maid would be discreet. But she offered no explanation as to Granby's condition. Whatever Jennie chose to imagine as the cause of his injuries, it could be no worse than actuality. So, though she let the maid give vent to her garrulity, Donna said practically nothing herself.

"Whoever done it, he ought to go to jail," Jennie wound up.

"He probably enough will, Jennie," said Donna.

The telephone rang and Jennie answered it. She returned in a moment, her eyes round with awe. In some strange way—perhaps she had indulged in granite-faced flirtation with the florist's man—Jennie had learned the identity of the orchids' sender. She had never forgotten the manner in which Donna had refused to speak over the telephone to the best-known young millionaire in America, and her estimation of Donna had taken firm root on that day, six months past.

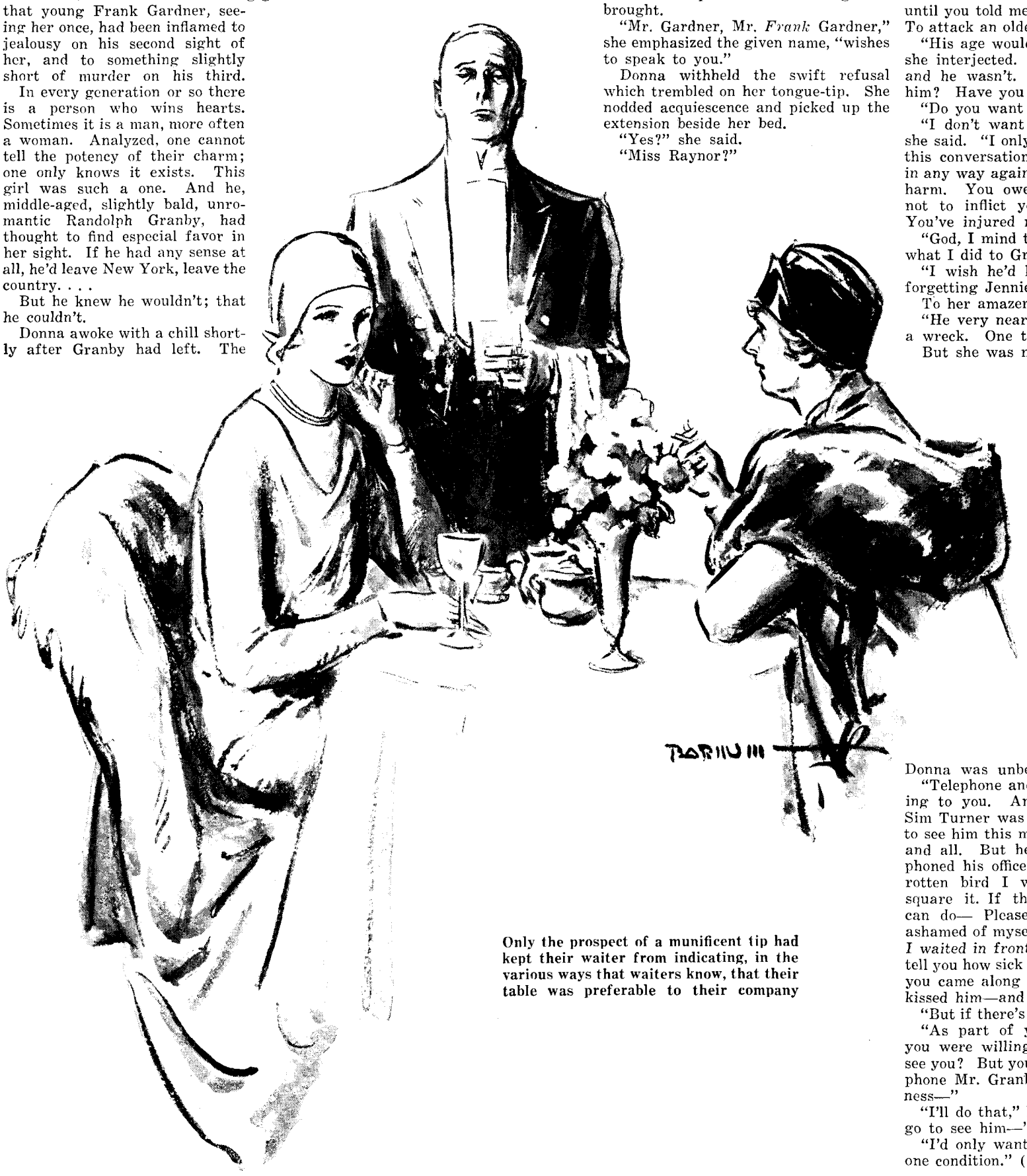
Now she waited breathlessly for Donna's reception of the message she brought.

"Mr. Gardner, Mr. *Frank* Gardner," she emphasized the given name, "wishes to speak to you."

Donna withheld the swift refusal which trembled on her tongue-tip. She nodded acquiescence and picked up the extension beside her bed.

"Yes?" she said.

"Miss Raynor?"



Only the prospect of a munificent tip had kept their waiter from indicating, in the various ways that waiters know, that their table was preferable to their company

"This is Miss Raynor," she said.

Like an icy blast her tones went over the wire to Gardner.

"This is Frank Gardner."

"I knew that."

"Please," he said, "is there anything I can say?"

"How do I know?" she demanded. "You telephoned. You must have thought there was something."

"I deserve to be dead," he said.

"Or worse, if there is anything worse," she told him.

"An apology sounds so—futile," he said.

"It does," she agreed.

"If you could forgive me—"

"I couldn't," she interrupted.

NEVERTHELESS, simply because she didn't hang up, he was emboldened to go on.

"You called me a coward last night."

"You are," she flatly said.

"I—I never thought I was that—until you told me. Now—I know I am. To attack an older man—"

"His age would not have aided you," she interjected. "But you were ready and he wasn't. Have you telephoned him? Have you been to see him?"

"Do you want me to?" he asked.

"I don't want you to do anything," she said. "I only ask of you that after this conversation you never annoy me in any way again. You've done enough harm. You owe it to decency's sake not to inflict yourself on me again. You've injured me—"

"God, I mind that more than what—what I did to Granby."

"I wish he'd killed you," she cried, forgetting Jennie in the living-room.

To her amazement he chuckled.

"He very nearly did," he said. "I'm a wreck. One tough lad."

But she was not to be deflected.

"Is that all?"

"Except to tell you that, so far as I have been able, I've tried to fix up what I said last night."

"To *fix it up?*" she cried. "Are you always a drunken beast? Don't you know that a thing like that can't be fixed up? You made a definite charge and—"

"I've telephoned Mrs. Curlew. She was there with a party. I don't know who was with her, but I remembered her. She heard me. I told her that I was drunk, not responsible, that I—I lied."

"You told her that?" Donna was unbelieving.

"Telephone and ask her. I'm not lying to you. And I remembered that Sim Turner was there. I went around to see him this morning, bandaged face and all. But he wasn't in, so I telephoned his office and told him what a rotten bird I was. I—I've tried to square it. If there's anything else I can do— Please believe this. I was ashamed of myself when I left the club. *I waited in front of your apartment to* tell you how sick and sorry I was. Then you came along with Granby, and you kissed him—and I went crazy.

"But if there's anything, *anything*—"

"As part of your peculiar penance you were willing to let Mr. Turner—see you? But you never thought to telephone Mr. Granby, to ask his forgiveness—"

"I'll do that," he eagerly cried. "I'll go to see him—"

"I'd only want you to do that under one condition." (*Continued on page 29*)

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The King wasn't so Crazy

"I'm glad to leave a world full of barking seals," murmured John Barrymore in the final scene of Redemption. Here's the explanation of that state of mind and why others share it

By Alexander Woollcott

Illustrated by Herb Roth

Having sat nightly in a bevy of barking seals, I sympathize with the Barrymores

herb roth.

I AM beginning to think that history has been more than a little unjust to King Ludwig. He was always referred to, with presumptive disparagement, as the poor, mad King of Bavaria, and, as a favorite illustration of the royal half-wittedness, they used to point out that when he built the royal theater he limited the agonized architects to the construction of an auditorium with but one seat in it.

Such a theater would have its obvious disadvantages, perhaps, but it would have its brighter side too. Not only would the King arrive for a performance with the consoling knowledge that he need not crawl over a lot of Himalayan laps to reach his seat, but, unless he himself had the croup, he could also count on listening to an entire performance unaccompanied by the incidental music of bronchitis, and he would be able to follow each scene without having it helpfully interpreted for him by one of those eternally adjacent women whose lips seem permanently ajar—from which tremulous portal words issue by a process indistinguishable from leakage. No, on the evidence before me, I am constrained to believe that the much-maligned Ludwig was not so crazy after all.

For my own part, I would gladly war against all noisy playgoers, whether they make their ructions by stertorous breathing, by coughing loudly while the curtain is up, or merely by rattling those curiously deafening papers in which bonbons are malignantly stowed away for no other conceivable purpose than the subsequent torture of the people in the row ahead. But I think the war against those perturbed spirits who actually *talk* while the curtain is up should be a war of extermination.

Addicts of that matchless operetta The Mikado will recall that at one point in its first act the mild-mannered Lord High Executioner of Titipu lyrically enumerated the public nuisances whom he regarded as suitable candidates for the block:

I've got a little list—I've got a little list—
Of society offenders who might well be underground,
And who never would be missed—who never would be missed.

But the society offenders whom Koko then nominated for extinction were mild offenders indeed, compared with that most objectionable form of animal life, the talking playgoer.

Of course the talking playgoer is no new nuisance in the theater, and there have always been those who, like the late William Dean Howells, felt that, rather than put up with all the distractions of attending a play in mass formation, they would prefer to read it at home and guess what a performance of it might be like.

Time was, to be sure, when the habit of gabbling while a play was in progress was popularly and properly ascribed to the gentry. It was made to seem part of the ostentatious inconsiderateness of the idle and well-to-do, an attitude in the theater handed down from the early days when the young bloods of Master Shakespeare's London used to loll in their favored seats on the stage itself and infuriate the groundlings by occasionally tripping up an actor with their outstretched shoon.

A Barbed Shaft

It is their descendants who make a point of arriving dressy, chatty and late at the Metropolitan, and who haven't heard the overture or first act of any opera since the Metropolitan was built.

In the general direction of such fancy offenders, the late Henry Miller once shot an arrow tipped with the poison of his malicious wit. It was in Newport, that citadel of the American plutocracy. At the once celebrated theater there, Mr. Miller was trying out a play before bringing it into New York. In the midst of the performance an ornate and jolly dinner party came dawdling into one of the boxes, and settled down for a real good chat. Black looks from the surrounding *haute noblesse* went unheeded. Finally, in the dialogue of the piece then being drowned out, Mr. Miller made an interpolation. One of the characters was just saying:

"Ah, sir, so you believe in the truth of the old adages, do you?"

"I do," replied Mr. Miller, with a mean glance in the direction of the offensive box party, "including the adage which says 'money talks.'"

At which felicitous interjection the applause in the auditorium was so hearty that even the box party noticed it.

Now, it was doubtless comforting for a democracy to lay this flattering unction to its soul, but in New York, at least, audiences grow noisier and noisier each season, and there is every evidence that in our time the bad manners of the ruling classes have, by some kind of seepage, affected the rank and file. Nowadays the masses are almost as rude as their betters.

When you first contemplate this phenomenon of American folk ways you may be deceived into the theory that audiences only seem noisier by contrast, because the proceedings on the stage today are so much more muffled than they were when Grandma sobbed at East Lynne. In the old, stentorian, bosom-beating era of Mazeppa and The Lady of Lyons, for instance, the intimate confidences of the two ladies seated in front of you were scarcely audible above the magnificent roar of the performance. But in this age of little theaters and naturalistic drama the actors have been so hypnotized by the word "restraint" that they gather in dim-lit huddles on the stage and murmur their more searing emotions to the canvas backdrop, with the result that into your appreciation of the play's most vital scene there is apt to be intruded suddenly and disconcertingly some fair neighbor's suspicion that the leading woman is fifty if she's a day, my dear, or that the leading juvenile has false teeth.

Being a postgraduate student of the subject, however, I am of the opinion that the latter-day audience not only seems to be noisier but *is* noisier than the audience of yesteryear. At least in New York—one of the few American cities with any audience left for what can no longer be called the spoken drama but, to distinguish it from the talkies, must now, I suppose, be called the three-dimensional drama—in New York, at least, the playgoer is noisy because he is nervous.

The reasons why he is nervous leap, as the French (*Continued on page 45*)

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Canfield Fury

The love story of a young man who discovered that if charity ought to begin at home there are times when it ought to end there, too

By Josephine Bentham

"Look there, Peter. There's your four of spades to play on your five of hearts, see?"

THE life of Peter Carmichael was subject to two arrangements. There was the arrangement with the Mainwaring Press, in whose composing-room he set up type with a skill and a nicety long marked by jealous and conscientious brethren of the craft. And there was the arrangement with his mother.

Peter paid Ada Carmichael twenty-five dollars a week for his board and room, but no soulless and machine-like precision entered into this agreement between mother and son. In the first place, Peter did not have a room. As Ada said, he was no ordinary lodger—he was her Peterkins. And her house was his home.

He slept on a couch in the dining-room, comfortable enough for a thin person like Peter, and of course he had a place for everything: his toilet articles on the second shelf of the bathroom cupboard, his clothes divided between his mother's closet and his brother Tom's.

He had breakfasts at home, and dinners. When Ada's other children were home the evening meal was usually bounteous, but when Ada and Peter were alone they were just comfy together, as she put it, over canned soup, the left-overs of the previous night's roast, and perhaps a little pineapple salad.

Sometimes Ada apologized shyly for the comfy little dinners, whereupon Peter always said, quite honestly, "But I don't care what I eat, Ma—you know I don't."

And Ada would sigh, thinking pridefully of her other children, who all cared mightily about what they ate. The reason for this was evident. The other children had life in them, like Ada, and not like Peter, who was his father come to life again. The others shouted, danced, quarreled, argued, laughed and stormed in such a fashion that even the neighbors were aware that they had life in them, from the late morning to the late night.

SOMETIMES when Ada came home from an afternoon movie (wearing her black satin ensemble and the new velvet helmet made like an aviator's, with cute flaps over the ears) she would find her whole family gathered together, waiting for her and for their dinner with the unabashed impatience of noisy young animals. Upon these occasions Ada—fat, lethargic, eternally good-humored—would warm to her toes with pride.

So she came home to find them one spring evening, and paused at the threshold happily regarding them—bulky paper bundles rounding both arms and a pint carton of cole-slaw swinging by a loop of string from one fat little finger.

Paul, her oldest, was quarreling with Marian, his wife. Secretly Ada thought that Marian was a little impatient with Paul. If the boy lost his job it was only because he was high-spirited, with lots of life in him. Anybody could tell that he'd find his own way to Easy Street some day. But then . . . they were both young, and young people had to have their rows.

"Mama Ada!" shouted Marian. "Your mother isn't going to be as set-up about this as you seem to think, Paul Carmichael. . . . Mama Ada! Paul's chucked his job again!"

"WELL," said Ada, unloading the bundles on the sitting-room table, "I guess as long as I've got a home—"

"That's not the point, Mama Ada! I don't want to stay in this rotten old town . . . none of my friends . . . Paul said this thing would *lead* to something. . . ."

She was incoherent, tearful, and the handsome Paul flung away from her to walk up and down the room, scowling at the toes of his new taffy-brown brogues.

Ada picked up the bundles again, feeling them experimentally with her fingers. "That's the cake from that little shop and here . . . oh, the green peas. Becky, help Mama with the green peas?"

"Last time there were slugs!" shouted Ada's youngest child, with such an intensity of fury and despair and self-pity that the small sulky face crimsoned and the angry childish eyes filled and overflowed with tears.

No one heeded this outburst. But Tom, Ada's youngest son, tuned in on the radio and the mournful plaint of the latest blues washed the tumult in the room to a crescendo of fury—confused, meaningless, intimately, unbearably human.

"Dinner in half an hour," Ada was saying placidly. "Marian . . . do you mind . . . if you'll help with the potatoes? New potatoes, just to be scrubbed off. . . ."

"Ma!" said Paul. "It's very funny you give Marian all the dirty work in this house. Marian and I aren't in this house on charity, you know. Not exactly. And it seems to me if anybody ought to help, that lazy kid—"

"Now, Marian, do you think that's fair of Paul?"

"Well, as a matter of fact, I no sooner get a manicure—"

The clamor swept over the room again. The shrill voices and the roaring voices ran into one another in an ugly symphony, with Ada's incessant droning, "Now, children—now, children," drumming in an even beat, rhythmic, monotonous, quietly persistent.

The thin, quiet Peter sat in a corner, cards spread before him in the small space cleared on an untidy table. He was playing Canfield. He had his own deck of cards which he preferred to all others, thick-edged and worn from much thumbing, the queen of hearts identifiable by a torn corner, the six of spades by a limp crease across its back.

"Play the eight!" roared Tom. "Look—your black eight on your red nine!"

Peter looked up. He liked to play Canfield slowly, to look over the cards carefully, anticipating the delight of a possible play. He realized humbly that it was senseless of him to turn fairly weak and sick with nervousness when one of the family came to stand beside him, helping him with suggestions about his game. But this was the one thing in the world which could upset Peter. And there was no room in the house in which he could play Canfield undisturbed. Sometimes he left the game, quietly determined never to play again—it was so silly to get so sore—but he couldn't resist the cards in the tattered red box, waiting for him in the walnut music cabinet.

"Now your red seven!" screamed Tom. "Why'n't you play your red seven, Pete? Then you can get your king out—"

"Well," she said anxiously, "you ought not to let anybody put things over on you, of course." Peter discovered that he was longing to talk about just this point

Illustrated by Joseph Clement

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"Mama Ada! The way you let that kid yell—"

"Now, Marian, when you have children of your own—"

"Your king! See, Pete?"

But now Peter's nervousness and annoyance were lost, suddenly, in a shamed wonder. He bent over the cards, so that no one might see his face. Quite suddenly his eyes had been blinded. Tears were warm within his eyelids. Peter flushed in a great agony of embarrassment. This had never happened to him before. And just because the kid wanted to help him. . . . He was tired, of course, and pretty hungry. But that wasn't any excuse. He glanced unhappily at his brother Paul, who was handsome and self-confident, who was on good terms with his pretty wife again and talking about a salesman's job he thought he'd go in for.

Tom's arm was over his shoulder, and Tom's small grubby hand was laying the red seven against the black eight.

"See? It's goin' to come out, Pete!"

"So it is," agreed Peter at last.

After dinner the children went to the movies; the adult members of the family gathered in the sitting-room. Here the fact that Paul had lost another job thrust its ugly head between the stray adjectives of the most casual conversation. At last all conversation drooped dismally. Ada Carmichael glanced at her son Peter and sighed. Peter smiled at her, polishing his spectacles on a clean white handkerchief. Ada jerked up her little plucked eyebrows, pursed her mouth and inclined her head slightly in the direction of a door. Peter stared at her. Peter was obtuse.

At last Ada said loudly, "Perhaps you might run down to O'Connor's and get us a dish of ice cream, Peter." And, concluding this suggestion, she lifted her brows, pursed her mouth and jerked her head with such spirited emphasis that Peter jumped up as if he had been shot. "Well," he said, entering lamely into the conspiracy, "I guess I might do that."

For half an hour he discussed tariff reform with O'Connor, the neighborhood druggist. He sat on a stool at O'Connor's soda fountain, sipping a lemonade, consulting his watch patiently from time to time.

WHEN he returned he found his mother alone. Paul and Marian had gone to a nine-o'clock movie, she said. They ate the ice cream, Ada absorbedly, giving the cream all of her attention, scooping it up carefully about the sides of the saucer, as children do.

Then, at last, she faced him determinedly.

"It's about Paul," she said. "I want to talk to you about your brother, Peter."

"He hasn't been in another scrape?" Peter asked anxiously.

"Peter! You've got such a memory for trouble—you'd think Paul got into a scrape every week of his life to hear you—you'd think he hadn't been working hard for three solid months!"

Peter fidgeted. He hated being unjust about anything, and he felt now that he had been meanly unjust. Ada's eyes were moist and reproachful.

But suddenly she smiled at him, and he smiled back at her gratefully.

"I've been talkin' to Paul," she said. "It seems he's got a good chance for a job with the Granville Motors. A salesman job, and you know Paul is a born salesman. My, my, even when you were little, he used to sell you his marbles and buy better ones for the money . . . not," she added hastily, "that he ever really fooled you about it, but he was just naturally smarter about those things. A salesman born."

Peter fidgeted. He did not know why he was uneasy; the association of uneasiness was deep under his consciousness; the quiet house and his mother's attention centered wholly upon himself.

"Well," he said uncomfortably, "that might be just the thing for Paul. I don't know."

"I'm glad you think so," said Ada instantly. "I told Paul that you'd be the first to understand—and his own brother and all besides."

Sentimentally Ada wandered down obscure and labyrinthine paths to the infancy of her children. Peter sat facing her, fidgeting. Softly and skillfully she touched upon Paul Carmichael's misfortunes. Under her hands these misfortunes were burnished until they glowed with the brightness of virtue. Peter was twenty-eight, and he had had a job with the Mainwaring Press since his twenty-first year. There was no gainsaying the fact that Peter was a good, steady son and she, his mother, had always been the first to say so. Hadn't she? Yes, Peter guessed she had.

BUT on the other hand she had to be fair to Paul. Paul hadn't been so lucky as Peter. He'd never found just the job that suited him. He felt more badly than anybody about it, being married and all. Why, that very night she'd had to talk sharp to him, the boy feeling so desperate and unhappy about everything.

"Well, bygones are bygones," Peter commented hurriedly. "And you said he's got something new."

And now Ada smiled at him so respectfully, so admiringly, that the uneasiness in Peter's mind reared its head sharply, signaled frantically and vainly to Peter's reasoning intelligence.

"That's just it!" said Ada. "This is just the job for him—his whole chance in life, you might even put it—and the only thing he needs is an automobile. All their salesmen have got to have automobiles. At the most wonderful discount. And it's only a question of *lending* Paul the money. Not as if you were giving it to him. I agreed with Paul that it wouldn't be right for him to take it under any other conditions."

Peter stared at the ice cream melting in a saucer.

"But doesn't it seem . . . until he's tried selling automobiles. . . ."

"How can he try until he's got a job?" cried Ada indignantly. "They won't give him the job until he has his car. I explained to you. I do think, Peter . . . haven't you got twelve hundred dollars in your bank?"

"Thirteen hundred," he admitted. "And a little over."

"And what do you want it for?"

"Well . . . nothing just now . . . but I thought . . . well . . ."

"You aren't going to get married, Peter. You know you aren't a marrying man."

Inopportunely Peter rose to a small joke.

"You never can tell," he said. "You never can tell what a man's likely to do, on the spur of the moment."

ADA stared at him. Then her little nose twitched, and easy tears spilled over the plump, smooth cheeks. In a moment she had buried her face in her hands, and was sobbing uncontrollably. He got up and patted her back, but she sobbed more loudly than before. Words came from her, jerked out painfully like sobs. She said something about sacrificing everything for her children, about the home she'd managed to keep together for her boys and Becky. He patted her back. She edged away from him. Tears ran between her fingers and she looked for a handkerchief.

For a moment he saw her face, tear-stained and flushed. Her brown eyes were the accusing eyes of a child who has been needlessly hurt. He put both arms about her, awkwardly. He wouldn't make her unhappy for the world, he said. He realized what she'd done for him and Paul and the others. Paul could borrow the money, he guessed.

Ada's tears dried as quickly as a child's tears. They remained only for a moment within her eyelids, to sparkle as if they had been born of laughter. And her cheeks (*Continued on page 34*)

He slept on a couch in the dining-room, comfortable enough for a thin person like Peter

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The Lion and the Lamb

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

The Story Thus Far:

RETURNING from Australia to London, David Newberry finds himself penniless, and his father, Lord Newberry, refuses to help him. To save himself from starvation, he joins a band of criminals, taking an oath never to betray his associates to the police.

David and two others—Reuben Grossett and Cannon Ball Lem—go after the "Virgin's Tear," a valuable diamond belonging to Lady Frankley. They are discovered. Reuben and Lem, locking a door to insure their escape, leave David to be captured.

On his release from prison David finds himself Lord Newberry, due to his father's death. He has but one ambition: to avenge his injury. He will not break his oath, but will battle the criminals—alone!

He goes to the gang's headquarters: in The Lion and the Lamb, a disreputable public house; confronts the gang's leader, Tottie Green, and makes a declaration of war.

Shortly thereafter David is attacked in his room at the Milan Court Hotel by several of the gang, who threaten death—unless he reveals the hiding place of the "Virgin's Tear." All he remembers of the jewel before the police beat him into unconsciousness is holding it in his hand and gazing in surprise at a girl in blue pajamas who had slipped into the room. Nevertheless, his life is spared.

David needs a small "army"—jiujitsu experts, not gunmen. To this end he buys a gymnasium, and hires Sam West as trainer.

An attempt is made to set fire to the gymnasium. Police capture all the attackers but one Dick Ebben, whom David conceals and forces to become his spy.

Returning from another defiant visit to gang headquarters David discovers in his house the girl of the blue pajamas. She claims connection with his family, says her name is Sophy and asks about the jewel.

V

SHE looked up at him blankly.

"Am I stupid?" she asked. "I don't understand."

"Well, it does sound pretty amazing, doesn't it?" he acknowledged. "But that is the simple truth of the whole matter. I had the diamond in my hand when I ran, right enough, and when I recovered consciousness in hospital four days later one of the first things I tried to remember was what I had done with it. I couldn't remember; I never have remembered. All that I know is that at the back of my mind there remains to this minute a conviction that somewhere between the door of the bedroom and the locked door, which was where I was trapped, I got rid of it. Do you believe me?"

She caught at his hand, and laughed up at him.

"You silly man!" she exclaimed. "Of course I believe you. That diamond's somewhere in one of those two rooms."

"It might be worth your while to look for it," he said. "There's a five-thousand-pound reward offered by the insurance company for its return."

The lipstick which she had drawn from her vanity case a moment or two before slipped from her fingers, and she forgot to pick it up. Her eyes danced with excitement.

"Five thousand pounds!" she repeated. "Why, I could buy a two-seater. And think of the frocks I could get!"

"That's all very well," he warned her, "but you haven't found the diamond yet, and I'm afraid I can't help you about it."

"I'll find it all right," she declared confidently. "But listen, David. If I do, the reward will belong to you, surely?"

"Not a penny of it," was the indignant retort. "If I were to produce the thing now, they would simply think I knew where it had been all the time. It has to be found casually by you. Suppose you come across it, as I hope you may, it's a perfectly genuine find, and you'll get the reward all right. Everyone will be better off. The insurance company will pay out five thousand pounds, and get back the fifty thousand pounds they paid to Lady Frankley. Lady Frankley will have her diamond back again, and, so far as I can see, everyone will be happy. The only silly part of the whole arrangement is that I can't tell you where to go and retrieve the thing."

"Don't you bother," she rejoined. "I'll find it."

DOWSON made his appearance with the cocktails. Sophy sipped hers appreciatively.

"This has been fun," she said. "You're not sorry I paid my duty call, are you, David?"

"My dear, of course not," he assured her, "as long as you don't get into trouble with your people."

"Trouble!" she scoffed. "The only trouble I might get into would be with Lady Kendrig. She'd think I'd stolen a march on her and Clarence. They all pretend to think that you're such a black sheep, you know, David, and all the time they're just dying to get round you for one thing or another. Lady Kendrig wants to live at Newberry. Perfectly crazy about it. Wants to see Clarence installed there. I wonder if you'll ever marry, David?"

"I wonder," he murmured.

"Awful blow to them if you did," she reflected. "They've all got that sickly kid on the brain. David, I'm too excited to talk coherently. I shall go down to Frankley tomorrow, I think. Can I come and see you and tell you all about it?"

"You can come whenever you like," he promised. "I'll let Dowson know that you are free of the place. . . ."

She finished her second cocktail reluctantly, and rose to her feet.

"I suppose I must go. I hate to, though. You'll find this will be quite my favorite bar for an *apéritif*."

"You'll be welcome whenever I'm here. Dowson will always tell you the truth."

She linked her arm through his, and they made their way slowly to the door.

"You'll take me out now and then, won't you, David?"

"I'm not at all sure that you'd be allowed to come," he warned her.

She looked at him wonderingly.

"We don't live like that nowadays!"

Dowson met them at the door. For

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some reason or other David was half sorry and half relieved to see him.

"This young lady, Dowson," he directed, "has the *entrée* of the house. She can come whenever she chooses, whether I'm here or not."

"Very good, my lord," was the expressionless reply.

DAVID handed her over, and listened to her light laugh as she passed down the hall. Then he closed the door, and, moving over to his desk, opened a letter, the outside of which at least was intriguing. It was a large, square, mauve envelope, addressed to him in ill-formed, sprawling handwriting, which still possessed a certain character. Even as he drew out the contents, a wave of inspiration told him from whom this communication came. A faint but pungent odor seemed to cling to his fingers:

Dave, you must keep away from here. This is serious. They mean burning you, and Tottie Green is the worst of the lot. He has never yet allowed a blow to be struck in his apartments. Today he would have taken the risk. He'd have had you killed if you hadn't been so quick. Why do you come? You can't do any good. Why is it? Sheer bravado? Well, you've done it often enough. Let them think you have the diamond. They'll keep you alive then.

I don't know why I'm writing to warn you. I suppose I should get it myself if they knew—but there it is! Don't come near here again. At any hour of the morning, afternoon or night, you would be in danger of your life. *Belle.*

P. S. I wouldn't mind meeting you anywhere else!

David laughed softly to himself as he tore up the letter.

"I rather believe that you're right, my beautiful Juno," he murmured, as he watched the blazing fragments.

David had taken the last sip of his final whisky-and-soda, and knocked out the remains of his pipe into the ash tray. It was striking twelve o'clock, and he was no lover of late hours. The doors of the house were barred and bolted, the burglar alarms set. He rose to his feet with a yawn. As he crossed the room the telephone bell rang. . . .

Afterwards he asked himself whether there was any possible way in which he could account for the thrill which shot through him at the familiar sound, at the haste with which he snatched at the receiver, at the eagerness with which he spoke into the tube. Dead thing though it was, there had been something sinister, alarming, in its staccato summons.

"Hullo!" he called out.

He recognized at once the answering voice, despite the fact that it was racked and broken with pain.

"Mr. Newberry, for the love of heaven —the gym. . . . Quick! They've got me —Dick Ebben too. . . . Oh, my God!"

There was silence. The communication had been cut off. David did not hesitate for a moment. He hurried into a long, thick overcoat, filled an automatic pistol from a drawer of his bureau, and made his way out to the hall. Fortunately, the last few days had been days of caution. He did nothing blindly. He remembered Dowson's warning, repeated several times lately, that an unsavory-looking little stranger had been haunting the area steps. He pulled back the spring lock, opened the front door slowly inch by inch, his body tense, ready for any form of attack. He had scarcely reached the steps before it came.

From some secret lurking place, David was conscious of the bat-like dart of a small doubled-up human being, and in the light from the electric standard caught the flash of that thin, uplifted ripple of steel. There was a shriek of pain as the knife shot up into the air to descend clattering into the area. The other hand, with its skinny, yellow-stained fingers, was caught and bent backwards. Even then the would-be murderer had one trick left. He bit viciously at David's hand, his yellow teeth like the fangs of a wild animal, the savagery of the human beast rampant. One glimpse of his expression, and any gleam of pity David might have felt faded away. He was dealing with a mad creature, crazy with the lust to kill.

There was no one in sight for the moment. The drivers of the two taxicabs upon the stand were on the other side of their vehicles. The policeman at the corner was looking down towards Queen Street. David tensed his muscles, lifted his unwholesome burden as high as his head, and sent it hurtling over into the area after the knife. It fell there with a dull thud. There was not even a moan of pain. Without a glance downwards, David crossed the street, found the driver of the first taxi, and showed him a pound note.

"Corner of Swan Alley, High Street, Holborn," he directed. "Drive like hell."

THEY sped away through the still crowded streets. David glanced at his automatic, tested the loading carefully, and thrust it back into his pocket. The call which he had received might have been a faked one to induce him to leave the house with Fred the Ripper there in waiting. On the other hand the voice had been uncommonly like Sam West's, and the gymnasium after hours was his arranged meeting place with Ebben. . . . In the Strand they were checked, but along Aldwych they were again in full speed. The man had earned his money when they drew up at the corner of Swan Alley, and David pressed the note into his hand.

"You can wait if you like," he enjoined. "I am coming back presently."

He hurried along the narrow way, passed the silent warehouses, and the gloomy churchyard opposite, to where at the end appeared the carved sign of Abbs's Gymnasium. There were no lights burning, no sign of any disturbance. Everything was perfectly quiet, yet David, even after he had inserted the key in the lock, stood for fully half a minute listening. Finally he opened the door, stepped very slowly across the threshold, and flashed the electric torch he was carrying into the long room, partially visible already from the light shining in from outside, gray and ghostly in its bareness, mysterious where the gymnastic apparatus, partially swathed in dust sheets, was faintly defined in a pool of blackness.

He moved to the wall and switched on the electric light. As soon as he had done so, he knew that something was wrong. The office door was half open, and a pane of glass broken. Warily, and with an ever-growing sense of apprehension, he crossed the floor, and turned on the switch which illuminated the office. A groan escaped his lips as the light flared out. Ebben lay doubled up on the floor, the back of his head smashed in as though by one tremendous blow. Almost by his side, Sam West was lying with a knife in his chest, and blood slowly oozing through his garments to the floor. In the background were two easy-chairs drawn together, and on the table an open box of cigars, two glasses, and a partially filled bottle of whisky.

THE scene almost reconstructed itself: Ebben, a little nervous but avaricious, bargaining as to the value of the information he had brought; Sam West only anxious to do his master's bidding. The lights in the outside warehouse had probably been unlit. The assassins had stolen through the darkness to the very threshold of the office before they had launched their attack. David shivered as he pulled the door to and closed it. . . .

Once more in the warehouse, for several seconds he stood intensely on the qui vive. There had been many small indications that the terrible deed, the result of which he had just witnessed, had been committed during the last few minutes. If so, how had the murderer or murderers escaped? The door had been properly locked, he had encountered no one in the alley, no one lurking in the dark corners. Even with the electric light commanding it, there were plenty of hiding places in the long corridor below. (*Continued on page 46*)

Illustrated by T. D. Skidmore

"Sophy, I am thoroughly ashamed of you," her mother exclaimed. "I, on the other hand, Miss Sophy, take off my hat to you," Glendower pronounced

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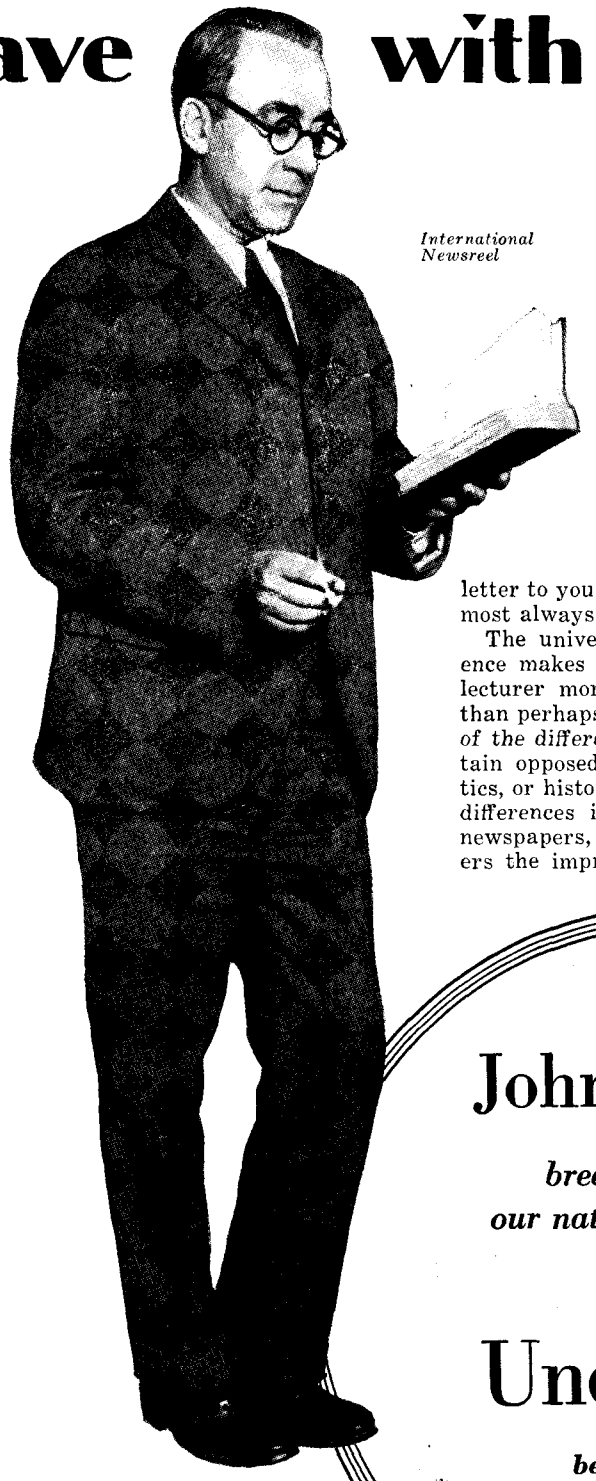
We have with Us By John Erskine

You can tell, from the chatter in the vestibule afterward, what the audience thought of the lecturer. But what did the lecturer think of the audience? Foreigners who come to us are usually quite free with comments and comparisons. Now for a change let's see what a native novelist and lecturer thinks of the people who listened to him



International Newsreel

John Erskine gained distinction as an author; he is in addition an educator, a lecturer and a musician

FROM the platform the foreigner and the native probably see the same America, but the foreigner, who usually reports the experience, makes comparisons. Any point in which his own land excels goes down as a score against us, and our few virtues are qualified, unconsciously, by his loyalties. The native may be a little freer to see the good and the bad as they are.

If he is an Easterner, like myself, and if he has recently visited for the first time all parts of the country, he must, I think, report much more good than bad. Superficial as his impressions will be, he will have observed aspects of our life which cannot yet be read of in novels, fresh aspects which suggest tomorrow and a land to be.

Recent books have taught us to think of the Middle West as a drab and uninteresting region, and to locate Main Street in our small towns. No doubt Main Street can be found anywhere, even in the large cities, but the small towns of the Northwest and South have their eye on their future and are far more eager, it would seem, to outgrow small limitations than are the satirists who write about them.

We have been taught also to poke a little fun at the American lecture audience. Their motives are undoubtedly mixed. Some of them attend merely to look at a person they've heard about. Others satisfy an ambition characteristic, it would seem, of our people, to judge by the frequency with which it is mentioned—they wish to keep up with the times. These two groups are found in every country, and I can't see anything ridiculous in the fact that they possess the average human impulses. What is remarkable is that so many do join literary clubs or lecture series with a purely intellectual purpose, and that they are willing to attend at so great a personal sacrifice.

The city man who thinks of going to a lecture as a matter of stepping into a taxi and arriving at some hall in a quarter of an hour is in no position to judge the men and women who travel forty, sixty, or one hundred miles to hear an hour's talk. For a large part of America our distances are so much a matter of fact that the lecturer learns to accept in each audience a good proportion who have traveled across several counties to hear him. He must respect at least the ambition and the energy of his audience. Our lecture platform may be a vestige of the old lyceum, but once we have faced these people, we get the impression that something in the American attitude toward life would invent lectures now, even though they had not been known before.

The foreign lecturer at times pokes fun at the immense gatherings who have listened to him patiently and courteously; he implies that they are easily humbugged, entertained with drivel. They often do hear drivel, but I doubt if they are deceived or entertained by it. They know that the people who are accomplishing the greatest things in the world are for the most part too busy to talk about them. Their credulity seems proved by the fact that they are polite; it is not our habit to heckle the speaker, and whatever we think of him we give him a round of applause at the end for having presumably done his best.

The Audience's Viewpoint

Moreover, the audience does not generally, like the speaker, write up its impression of the meeting. The public which attends lectures for intellectual reasons is illustrating, I think, a sound impulse of democracy, to hear at least once any point of view which any serious person, with a reputation to lose, cares to lay before it. The lecturer who thinks he is instructing them is a fool. He is really offering himself for examination.

Though the American audience doesn't heckle, it sometimes does ask questions, if invited to. The questions throw light on the motives which keep our lecture platform alive. Usually they are such questions as a teacher would ask his class, to bring out still further a point of view, or to suggest an idea which has been overlooked.

Contradiction is rare. If your hearers disagree with you absolutely, they probably knew it in advance and won't attempt anything so futile as your conversion. If you mention an author, or the title of a book, they will probably ask you to repeat the name; it was hard to catch in a large room, and some individuals will look up the reference, perhaps to see whether you were right in your use of it. If they find you were wrong, they will address a letter to you later, for your good, an almost always courteous letter.

The universal courtesy of the audience makes the country appear to the lecturer more uniform in its opinions than perhaps it is. Ordinarily we think of the different sections as holding certain opposed theories in religion, politics, or history. When we discuss these differences in print, especially in our newspapers, we give ourselves and others the impression that we have little in common—the South is forever separated from the North, the West from the East.

I still take with me the Northerners' legend that the South is a leisurely place, but I must testify that the vigor as well as the warmth of hospitality in Southern towns will exhaust any average Northerner. When I wish to call up an image of efficiency I shall think of one day in a very small Southern town where I was received at the train by the committee in charge of my lecture, holding in their hands a time card for every minute until I should leave for my next engagement. Somewhere in the middle of the afternoon there was an aching void of a quarter of an hour. A cheerful aviator, fearing that I might be neglected, offered to use that space to take me up and show me the town from the air.

If you wish to, no doubt you can find traces of the frontier. The Southwest and the West which we have read about from Bret Harte on, have their vestiges merely to encourage the foreign lecturer who still hopes to discover wild customs among us. In one Southwestern town I met a handsome and sedate young man, gentle of speech and bearing, who was receiving, I noticed, a good deal of sympathy from his fellow townsmen. I asked what had gone wrong with him, expecting to hear of some normal bereavement.

A Remnant of the Frontier

My host explained that Bill So-and-So had recently gone through great sorrow; in fact, the matter was too intimate and depressing for speech. I persisted in my inquiries and learned that Bill had had the grievous misfortune to kill a man some weeks before—had shot the fellow through the heart. "Awfully hard on Bill," said my host. "Had to go through the trial and all that—very sad."

"What had the other man done?" I asked.

Apparently the other man had offended Bill in some point of honor which with an Easterner would have seemed hardly more than a breach of manners, but with Bill it was an obligation to take vengeance.

"I judge that Bill was finally acquitted?" I went on to ask.

"Why, certainly. The whole town stopped work and attended the trial to see him through. Naturally he was acquitted."

"Would you mind telling me on what grounds?" I asked.

For the first time my host seemed to suspect some humor in the situation. "Well, I'll tell you on what grounds," he said. "We all believed that someone should have shot the fellow anyway. I believe there was some technicality, but I am not a lawyer."

From the lecture platform, however, these purple patches are not visible. The people before you, whether you are in the East or in the West, give an impression of like-mindedness, of essential agreement, and in contrast to our preconception of sectional America. Between these two impressions lies the truth, but I cherish the appearance at least of a common point of view which the lecture audience puts on. If one finds an occasional prejudice against a certain type of writing, or against a lecturer who is known to hold strong opinions in matters of politics, religion, economics, similar hostility can be discovered in any country in Europe.

The world over, you could match the most bizarre instances of the closed mind. If you select choice specimens and gather them together as Mr. Mencken does delightfully in his monthly "Americana," the resulting impression is that we are burdened in the United States with a large and thoroughly organized endowment of idiocy. In actual life, however, these cases are isolated, quite obviously, on the fringe of our normal brains. With us, as with any other civilization, they add a humorous charm to life, and when seen in their place, make human nature not less lovable for being occasionally funny.

I keep as one of the trophies of my tour the memory of a college president, in spite of (*Continued on page 40*)

John Erskine

breathes life into our national trade mark

—

Uncle Sam

begins in next week's Collier's

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Cheese Preferred

What gives cheese that flavor? A great many things, including climate, soil, grass and time. Here's the way your favorite cheese is made and why it couldn't be made better anywhere else in the world—a very romantic business

By Marie Beynon Ray

"AND so, between a pear and a little cheese, we laid the cornerstone of a European federation—discreetly, between a pear and a little cheese—which doesn't, you know, at all diminish the importance of the event."

Thus spoke Premier Briand of France after the luncheon he gave recently to the heads of the twenty-seven European delegations to the Assembly of the League of Nations—a luncheon and a comment thereon which seem likely to go down in history.

It is at such inconsequential moments as this, over a demi-tasse or a glass of wine, between a pear and a little cheese, that the cornerstones of history are laid—in moments of relaxation and good cheer, not with the heavy work of a beefsteak before one.

Cheese, like caviar, like pâté de foie gras, like truffles, is a delicacy; but, unlike delicacies, it is also a staple food—meat to the French, potatoes to the Dutch, breakfast, lunch and dinner to the Swiss. It is the oldest prepared food in the world, with the possible exception of butter—yet it was one of the last to get into the packaged and branded goods class.

There's nothing the epicure is more epicurean about—not even his wines or his teas or his caviar—than his cheeses. He can tell to a day the proper period of ripening of a Limburger; distinguish at a glance the true Roquefort from all its imitations—even those made in Roquefort; discern by a whiff a bit of Gorgonzola from a bit of Stilton—sisters under their skins. A slight pressure of the finger reveals to him the ideal state of creaminess of a Camembert. He can judge—by tapping and listening—the perfect moment of ripening of a Parmesan. He must have his Gjetost cut with a fine wire, his Edam curled on a silver scoop and filled with port wine, his Roquefort creamed with butter through a sieve, his Parmesan five years old and finely grated, his Petit Gervais served with *fraises du bois* (wild strawberries) or Bar le Duc on Royal puff crackers, his Stilton soaked in wine, and a few dozen other refinements which epicures have picked up in the four thousand years or more that they've been eating cheese.

There is a good old tale concerning the origin of cheese which is so logical that even if someone invented it, it must be true. A lonely traveler in Asia, having trudged all day through mountainous passes, sat down in the cool of the evening to refresh himself with a drink of milk which he carried in a sack made of a sheep's stomach. When he tipped this primitive bottle to his lips, instead of good, rich milk, only a sickish whey flowed down his gullet. Curious, he cut open the sack to discover what had happened to his milk and found at the bottom a delicious, white curd—the first cheese, which had been formed by the action on the milk of the rennin in the not completely dried sheep's stomach. Of course, whether someone invented it or not, that's just how it must have happened.

The Caves of Roquefort

That was the first primitive cheese. Today we have five hundred varieties—all made of milk but all treated differently. Yet it isn't so much the effort of man that makes one cheese different from another as it is certain conditions, over which he has no control. The differences between cheeses are largely due to locality and have to do with such things as herbs in the grass, breed of cows, atmospheric conditions, bacteria, habits of the people, and so on.

Take Roquefort, for example. They've been making it for eight hundred years in Roquefort, France, without the slightest difficulty. It's made from milk, like any other cheese, and there's nothing secret or mysterious about the process, yet they've tried to make Roquefort in almost every other country in the world—even in France, even in Roquefort—and they've never come within a mile of it.

Everyone gazes judiciously at the cheese, measuring and weighing it mentally, calculating, figuring on cards

Illustrated by Fred Chapman

The distinctive and superlative Roquefort flavor is due to one factor—the caves of Roquefort. To tell another story which must be true, whether it is or not: there was a French shepherd some eight centuries ago, who, forced to hurry his sheep home in a sudden storm, left behind him, in a hillside cave, his simple lunch of barley bread and native cheese. Returning that way a few weeks later, he spied his lunch, the bread completely spoiled and the cheese infested with a curious green mold. He nibbled, experimentally, at the cheese, found it delectable, and thereafter always, when he passed that way, left a bit of bread and cheese in the cave in order to procure for himself the same delicacy on his next visit.

Nature had spent eons preparing for this momentous event. Prehistoric volcanic eruptions threw up, in the foothills of the Cevennes Mountains, an immense palisade pierced with innumerable caves, some a quarter of a mile deep. Practically all the rain that falls is drained off through these great cracks and fissures; and down below the palisade, where houses cluster, are little green valleys, nothing spacious, and widely scattered, so that shepherds must travel miles in search of pasture. This is the background nature so carefully prepared for the great climax of Roquefort.

For, look you, cows could not graze on those tiny, rocky pastures, but only mountain-climbing goats and sheep, and therefore it happened that the milk to be used for Roquefort was sheep's milk, not cows'. And then the cheese, after it was made and set aside in these caves, like no other caves in the world, to mature, was subjected to atmospheric conditions, existing nowhere else, which stimulated the growth of a certain type of bacteria (which gives Roquefort its distinctive flavor) and discouraged the growth of all other bacteria, however delectable, which gives other less aristocratic cheeses *their* distinctive flavor. "Bastard" caverns have been built into the hills by manufacturers jealous of the monopoly of the natural caves, but never have they been able, try as they will, to produce exactly the same atmospheric conditions in these artificial caves as in the natural ones, and your connoisseur can easily distinguish the Roquefort of the true caves from that of the "bastard" caves.

No Green Cheese

Some few cheeses, the light, mild ones like pot cheese and cream cheese, are best eaten on the day they are made; but most cheeses, the really "high" cheeses, beloved of the epicure, must, like wines, be aged—anywhere from a few months to three or four years. Your epicure will not eat a "green" cheese any more than he will drink wine that is not of a good vintage. This question of maturing cheese is a very delicate one, for a (*Continued on page 42*)

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"IN THE MIDST OF THE WHIRL --- PEGGED A PASS --- FOR THE TOUCHDOWN ---"
"...IT SLOWED DOWN A FOOT AWAY.... STOPPING AT THE LIP...THEN DROPPED IN— "
"...HIS HAND BARELY MISSED..."
"SWUNG JUST IN TIME TO BEAT THE WAVE..."
THE RUNNER

The Breaks of 1929

By Grantland Rice

Just one slight mistake can spell the difference between winning and losing in sports, as many of last year's champs and near-champs discovered

Illustrated by Burris Jenkins, Jr.

THE days of lopsided championships are over. Anyone who can scramble through present-day competition with an inch to spare is willing to take it that way and leave the alibi to the party of the second part. Many big contests of the past year were won by such thin margins that just a half turn might have placed the crown or the olive chaplet upon another brow.

There is still a vivid picture of Bobby Jones coming to the last green at Winged Foot in the United States open golf championship. The Georgia star had seen his six-stroke lead cut away between the thirteenth and the eighteenth greens. He needed a four at this final hole to tie Al Espinosa, who had finished with a dizzy burst of speed.

Five holes before this the betting would have been one hundred to one that no human agency could have spotted Bobby Jones six strokes and then closed up the gap. But the miracle had happened and unless Jones got his four at the last stand he was not only out of the championship but he also would have blown the biggest lead any golfer ever carried into the stretch in such a contest. His drive was down the middle of the green turf, but his second shot skirted high to the left and trickled down the grassy bank of a deep trap. His third shot came spinning out, to stop twelve feet from the cup.

Jones now had to hole a side-hill putt over a keen, sloping green where the matter of half an inch meant having another chance next day, or finishing with the record of a rout. There are still memories of the white ball slipping along the smooth green, fading out as it slowed down a foot away from the cup, stopping at the lip and then taking a final turn as it dropped in. One of the best putts in golf might have slipped away by the rim or dribbled around the edge. But this one managed to reach the cup just in the nick of time.

Football is crowded with the closest calls in sport. When Notre Dame faced the Navy at Baltimore, the South Bend wanderers were outplaying the midshipmen but they were having a tough time winning, for all that. In one decisive play, at fourth down, Frank Carideo, the Notre Dame quarter, dropped back to throw a pass across the Navy line.

As he lifted the ball a Navy lineman nailed him and drove him to one knee. At the same moment another Navy forward dived across his legs. In the midst of this whirl a Navy end came tearing in and pinned Carideo's arms.

Elder, the fast Western back, who was supposed to take the pass, saw what had happened and slowed down. Any one of the three men who hit Carideo might have spoiled the play. But somehow his right arm still remained aloft, although the upper arm was pinned. From this position he pegged a diagonal pass to the right corner of the field.

There must have been a startled look on Elder's face as he saw the ball sailing from the mass. He picked up speed again and barely reached the ball over the line for the touchdown that beat Navy, fourteen to seven.

A play much along the same lines had the opposite outcome in the Yale-Dartmouth game, when Longnecker slipped to his knee as he started a forward pass and the ball sailed wide of its mark straight into the waiting grip of Hoot Ellis, who ran seventy or more yards for a Yale touchdown. Dartmouth up to that moment thought it had the game safely won.

Golf and football carried more close calls for champions or winners last season than any other sport. They usually do, lacking the exact science of many other sports.

Seagoing Golf

Jimmy Johnston at Pebble Beach, on his way to the golf championship, was striving to overhaul Doc Willing, his steady, hard-playing opponent. They were coming up to the eighteenth green, a long, winding hole bordered on the left by no less a water hazard than the Pacific Ocean. It was into the edge of this mighty mass of moisture that Johnston hooked his second shot.

This was an important hole for the St. Paul golfer in the morning round. Trouble here for the Mid-Westerner would have placed Willing in fine position for an afternoon drive. When Johnston and his caddie came to the ball they found it washed around by a low, lazy ripple that had started from somewhere in Japan or the Philippines.

But the closest call was yet to come —for, while Johnston was studying the next shot, he saw a larger ripple or wave swinging in with enough force to displace the white target and carry it out to sea. He swung just in time to beat the wave and he planted the ball on the green to get his par five.

Then you can turn to Glenna Collett in her battle for the women's golf championship at Oakland Hills, Detroit. In her match against Mrs. Higbie, a skillful opponent, Miss Collett suddenly found herself four down and five to play. Not only that, but her opponent had a fairly husky putt left to win the fourteenth and thereby break up the match with a winning margin of five and four.

The putt just missed the cup. From that point on, Miss Collett had to win five straight holes to end the battle on the first extra green. At the seventeenth hole Miss Collett's long drive, where she attempted to cut a corner too close, wound up back of a tree. Her situation at this point looked about as bright as the mouth of a railroad tunnel.

She played out safely, though, and managed to get her next shot close enough to hole out. But there was a close call waiting for her at almost every shot through those closing holes before she finally broke all records by winning the United States championship for the fourth time. Even the four-time champions have their narrow squeaks.

The closest call that any team had in football last season fell to the lot of Bucknell in its battle against Lafayette. Lafayette was leading, three to nothing, with only a few seconds to play. And Lafayette had the ball.

The odds against Bucknell at this spot were something like five hundred to one. If Lafayette had only run the ball on the fourth down, holding it as long as possible, there would have been little time left for another play. But Lafayette kicked, the deep-field back for Bucknell caught the ball, shot a lateral pass to one of his mates and off he galloped for the touchdown that saved a game almost irretrievably lost.

There was no one game of the recent football season that had as many close calls as the Notre Dame-Southern California meeting in Chicago before 120,000 spectators. After Southern California had scored it was up to the Notre Dame team to collect a touchdown of its own. Saunders of Southern California had just entered the battle. A long pass was thrown in his direction with a Notre Dame end waiting for the ball. Saunders, with his timing still unsettled, had a shot at the ball but his hand barely missed batting it down as the pass flew by his head.

Saved by a Kick

Later, Notre Dame had the game tucked away when Brill fumbled at the goal line, only a yard away from a touchdown. Even then the game seemed safe enough until Saunders took a kick-off and galloped more than eighty yards through the entire South Bend delegation.

Here again Notre Dame faced another hair-raising moment, for all the Far Westerners needed was a goal after touchdown to tie the score and halt the South Bend hurricane in its wild sweep back and forth across the country. But the kicker missed his chance.

Coaches may work on fine material for many, many months, building up a strong running and passing game, a good blocking game, a stout defense, and all the other complex ramifications of football. And then all this training may be scrambled up in the big game of the year by one player's slight mistake, or the failure to thump the ball between the goal posts.

A lot depends on how these close calls break. If they crack against you there is nothing to do but wait for the next start.

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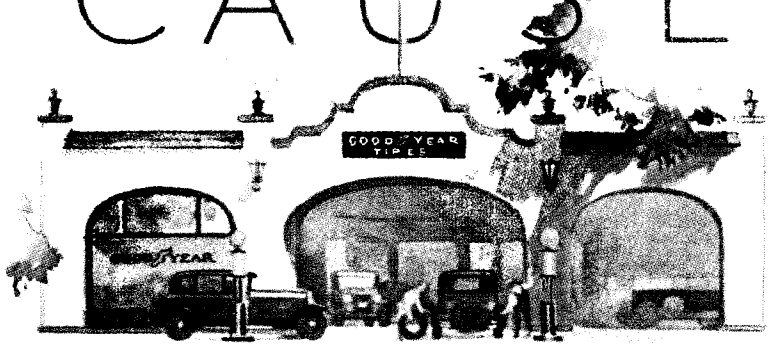
CAUSE



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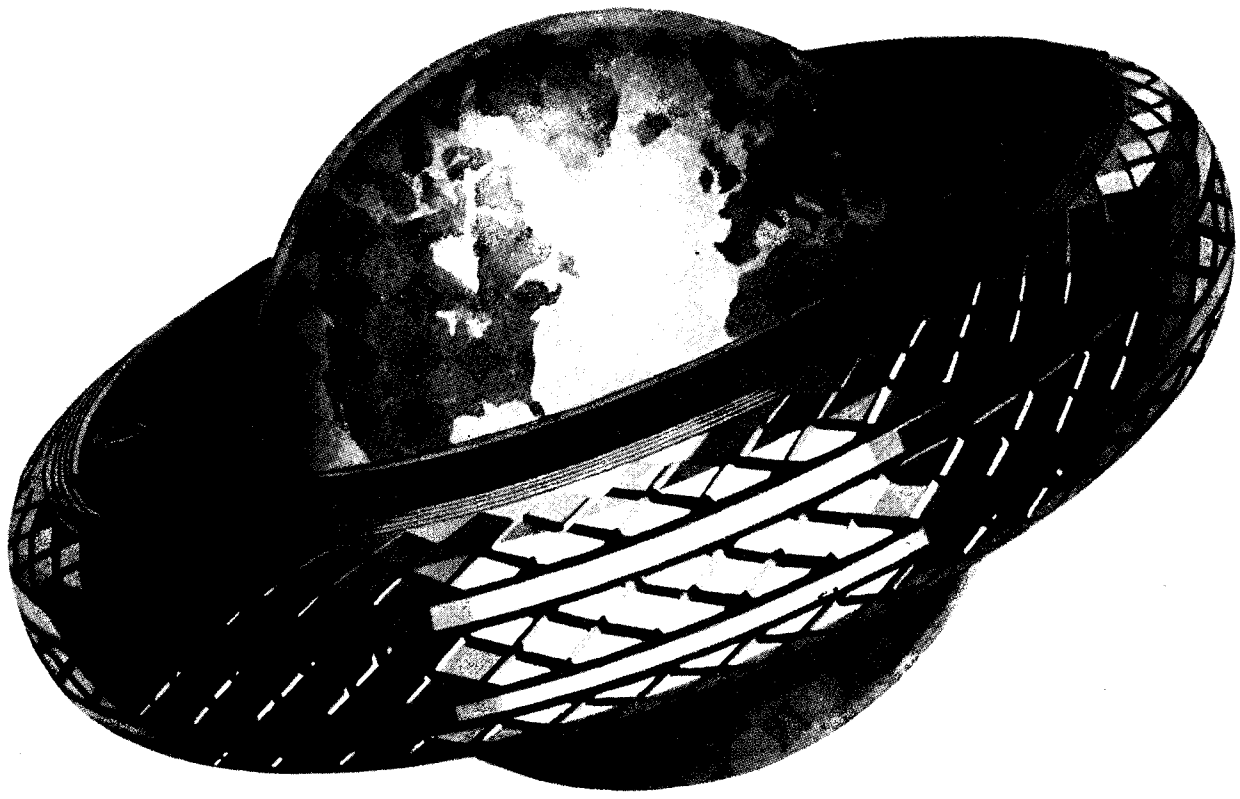
RESULT



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YEAR

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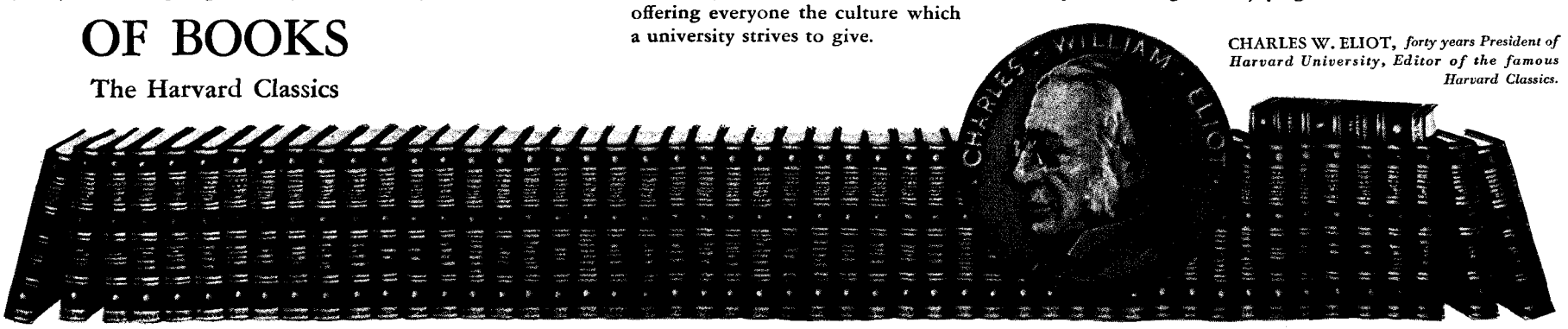

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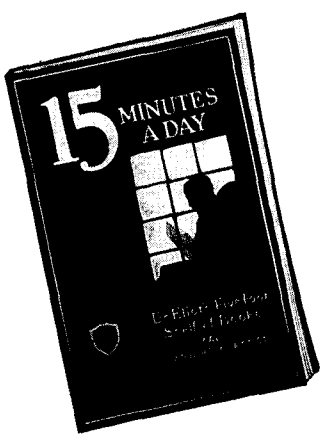

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The Age of Youth

Continued from page 16

"Name it, please," he begged.

"If I were certain that Mr. Granby would be waiting for you with a gun and that he'd kill you, then I'd want you to see him. That's the only way. Is that all?"

"A man makes a mistake," he said.

"Mistake? To insult a girl in a public place; to assault the man who escorts her home! You call that a mistake. I don't. Now I don't wish ever to speak to you again. If you ever do speak to me, I shall ask whoever is with me to protect me from you. If I'm alone, or with a woman, I'll call a policeman. You are the most unspeakably dreadful man I have ever known. You have forced your acquaintance upon me when I did not wish it. I can only hope that this regret you express is founded upon enough sincerity to make you avoid me forever."

She heard a gasp from the other end of the wire. Then he spoke again:

"Well, that's pretty definite, Miss Raynor. Be certain that I shall do as you ask."

Then she heard the receiver click and was a trifle annoyed that she had not enjoyed woman's immemorial privilege of the last word. But if her word had not been last, it had been final. She believed that Frank Gardner would never annoy her again. Strangely, through all her wrath against him, she didn't find the elation in this knowledge that she should. Perhaps, she told herself as she dressed, it was because she hated the man so that she wished to inflict further humiliation upon him. Yes, that must be it.

A glance at her watch told her that she had broken a lesson engagement with Mme. Galere, so she rang up the singing coach.

"My dear!" The teacher cut in on her apologies. "Perfectly all right. Extended Frances Thwaite's lesson an extra half hour. Can you lunch with me?"

"Sorry," Donna said, "but I'm lunching with Mrs. Curlew."

"And not a bad person to lunch with," said Mme. Galere. "A frump but a darling. Give her my love."

"I will," promised Donna.

"And—if you can—drop in at tea-time at my apartment, will you? I want to talk about that matter of the other day—Mr. Manhattan—and other things."

"Other things?" Donna was alarmed.

"One of my pupils was at the Embassy last night. She said—tell me, my child, when did Mrs. Curlew ask you to luncheon?"

"Last night," said Donna. "After the scene which you've heard about."

"Afterwards? Fannie Curlew is a trump," said Mme. Galere. "But drop in just the same."

"I will," said Donna.

MRS. FANNIE CURLEW bustled into Pierre's thirty seconds after Donna arrived. She was breathless with apologies.

"Why, you're ahead of time," smiled Donna.

"Am I? Well, I have practically only one virtue, my dear. I never keep guests waiting for me. No, no, no," she said to the maître d'hôtel. "Not here. A table over there," she pointed. "In that corner. Away from everybody."

Donna colored. Had Mrs. Curlew repented her rash championing of last night? Did she wish an inconspicuous table in order that she might not make too public an appearance with a girl who had achieved notoriety? Mrs. Curlew's words, as they followed the headwaiter to the selected table, seemed to answer her question in the affirmative.

"Had to telephone four women and call off luncheon," she explained. "Sally Charters, Irma Delafield, May Egan, and June Carroll." She named four of the best-known hostesses in New York, matrons of assured position. Donna felt an embarrassment that brought tears close.

"Had invited them all," Mrs. Curlew went on, "and wanted you to meet them. Then I decided, after Frank Gardner called me up, I'd better see you alone—"

SHE stopped at sight of Donna's crimson face. She reached suddenly across the table and patted the girl's hand.

"Why, my dear child," she exclaimed, "don't misunderstand. I wanted to talk to you alone. It wasn't because—my child, you shall meet them all, in my house. But today—I wanted to see you all by myself, to get acquainted, to talk."

The waiter, hovering near by, made his presence felt. Mrs. Curlew waved away the proffered luncheon card.

"Tomato-juice cocktail—they're good for you, my dear," she said in an aside to Donna, "chops, string beans, plain lettuce salad, and we'll order an ice later. Would you prefer anything else?" she asked.

Donna shook her head.

Mrs. Curlew lighted a cigarette after several ineffectual efforts with a pocket lighter. "The damn' thing never works," she complained. "I've calloused a thumb on it. Cigarette?"

Donna refused. "After luncheon," she said.

"Good idea. Spoils the appetite." She inhaled deeply. "Now, my dear, tell me all about it. Who are you, where do you come from, how did you get your money?"

Her brown eyes were friendly. She rested a fleshy elbow on the table, cupped her double chin in her hand, and smiled at Donna exactly as though she had asked a question of utter simplicity.

"Don't be afraid of me, my dear," she said. "I'm here to help. I heard Frank Gardner last night. I'd been looking at you before, and I'd been told your name. I liked your looks. Then, when he made that disgraceful scene—suppose I tell you something about myself? Interested?"

"Indeed, yes," exclaimed Donna.

"We came here, Jacob and myself—imagine a man being named Jacob in these enlightened days! One must be an Astor to carry the weight of such a name. Well, Jake—yes, I call him Jake—and I came here. From Spokane, Washington. Didn't know a soul. Didn't have a dime. Literally, I mean. Stone broke. I washed our laundry, cooked our meals—some day I'm going to toss the chef out of the kitchen and put on an apron and, my child, you'll eat spaghetti such as you never tasted.

"WELL, Jake got a job in a law office. Fifteen dollars a week. We lived on that. But he had ideas, that man of mine. You'll like him," she said enthusiastically. "He'll like you, too. Well, Jake did well. He had been admitted to the bar back home, and in a year was admitted here. He worked hard. In seven years he was a partner, and we were living quite well.

"A client from Michigan got into some financial difficulties. Jake straightened them out for him. He got as his fee some shares in a dry-goods store. They were apparently valueless. But Jake spent three months in an intensive study of the dry-goods business. Then he went to Chicago and visited some bankers there. He got capital for the store and in four years his stock was worth a million dollars.

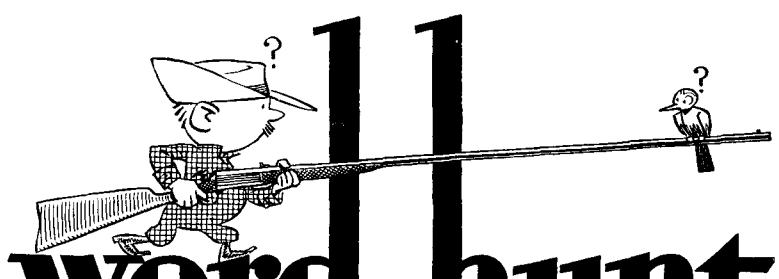
"From that time on it was easy sailing. Bankers would send for him when their customers got into difficulties. Jake has refinanced and reorganized mines, railroads, grocery store chains—everything. He's worth—oh, too much. Now, fifteen years ago I could tell that we were to be—I'm being frank, my child—immensely rich. I'd often wondered how immensely rich people enjoyed themselves. I'd read about them in the newspapers, their parties, their travels—but I wanted to know them, to be intimate with them, to be of them.

"That isn't easily done. People resent intruders. And when the intruder is fat, not pretty, has no charm—oh, no, my dear, don't protest. I know myself and my limitations. Jake and I, my dear, were—perhaps are—vulgar, common. But I think we're kindly. We have no malice. Jake is generous. We didn't exactly *buy* our way into what is called society, but—we weren't niggardly. And we're likeable, I think."

"You're a dear," Donna breathed.

Mrs. Curlew smiled.

"I hope you'll really come to think so, Miss Raynor. And I've told you about myself in order that you may understand that I have a sympathetic feeling for you. Not because you're young and pretty and attractive solely, but because I have an idea that you're trying to do something." (*Continued on page 30*)



11 word hunt

In the English language there are five words (each having just seven letters) that begin with the letters B-R-O-M. Can you supply the missing letters?

1	B	R	O	M			
2	B	R	O	M			
3	B	R	O	M			
4	B	R	O	M			
5	B	R	O	M			

(Chemistry) A salt of bromic acid. Also, to combine or impregnate with bromine.

(Chemistry) A binary compound of bromine. Also, a person who is conventional and commonplace in thought and conversation. Also (Photography) a sensitized paper.

(Chemistry) One of the elements. It is used in making dyes, in medicine, in chemical operations and as a disinfectant.

(Medical) A diseased condition produced by the excessive use of bromine or its compounds.

To treat with bromine or a bromide, as a photographic plate.

An unabridged dictionary has been used in compiling Word Hunts. All proper nouns, obsolete words, words that would offend good taste, plurals formed by the addition of s or es, and verbs in the present tense, singular number, third person, have been excluded

Here are the answers to the Word Hunt published in last week's Collier's

1. Slued
2. Slush
3. Slump
4. Sluit
5. Slung
6. Sluer
7. Sluff
8. Slute
9. Slunk

Collier's will send you free, on request, a booklet containing 27 Word Hunts with their answers. Send for a copy today—Address Word Hunts, Collier's, The National Weekly, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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(*Continued from page 29*)

She paused as the waiter brought the cocktails. She chattered idly about indifferent matters until coffee had been brought, then, offering Donna a cigarette and lighting one herself, she said:

"Now tell me about yourself, my dear."

Throughout the meal, while Mrs. Curlew spoke of that play, this dance, or those people, Donna had been estimating the woman. Last night Mrs. Curlew had acted generously, but impulsively. But she had had a night in which to ponder her impulse. But cogitation had not resulted in a withdrawal of her invitation to luncheon. Mrs. Curlew had had early struggles. Donna could imagine the snubs, the affronts, the hurt pride. . . .

"You said," she began slowly, "that I'm trying to do something."

"Obviously," said Mrs. Curlew. "Young girls, without any apparent backing—forgive me, my dear, if I'm too frank—don't make the stir you've made unless they are—well, going somewhere. You're nice. Anyone can see that. And niceness is an asset. But it must be backed by material things. What are the material things behind you?"

Whatever else Mrs. Curlew might be, Donna thought, she was not indirect. She never remembered encountering anyone so frank. Now, she had given her confidence to Mme. Galere. A secret known to more than one is no longer a secret. If she should tell her story to Mrs. Curlew. . . .

BUT she needed the aid of just such a one as this fat matron. Too many people had heard Gardner's accusation; Heaven alone knew how many more would hear about the battle on East Fifty-seventh Street last night. To admit too little was worse than saying too much. After all, she was at a crisis. The career that had unfolded so easily was in utter jeopardy now, and was so because of the insane rage of Frank Gardner. Her mouth hardened as she thought of him. Then justice ruled her. After all, Gardner had been outrageous, but that item in the paper had shown that others suspected her.

In greater detail than she had confided in Mme. Galere, she told her story to Fannie Curlew. She omitted nothing, ending with a recountal of the struggle last night. The patrons of the restaurant had departed. Only the prospect of a munificent tip had kept their waiter from indicating, in the various ways that waiters know, that their table was preferable to their company. And through it all Fannie Curlew kept silent, save when Mme. Galere's name was mentioned, when she nodded in an approval emphasized by a curt phrase.

"Good for her," she said.

"What shape is Ran Granby in?" she asked, finally.

"I haven't telephoned," admitted Donna.

"Afraid to?" Mrs. Curlew's tone was accusatory.

"No. I—I'm so ashamed," said Donna. "He—he's been kind. To have dragged him into a thing like this—"

"Frank Gardner didn't tell me anything of the quarrel when he phoned this morning," said Mrs. Curlew. "The—the young blackguard. He ought to be punished."

"How can he be punished?" Donna asked bitterly. "With his money—"

"Perhaps he *is* being punished," said Mrs. Curlew. "He's mad about you, of course."

"I think he's insane," said Donna.

Mrs. Curlew shook her head.

"Not that boy. My husband's told me about him. Got plenty of business ability. Handles his fortunes shrewdly. Every so often, my dear, we see a man, or a woman, who falls in love in a primitive way. Loses self-control—I think Frank Gardner's like that. And Ran Granby—of course you know that taking money from a man—"

"I do," interrupted Donna. "But—I wanted something—"

"And you'll get it," said Mrs. Curlew emphatically. "You'll get it if I have to adopt you."

Donna smiled.

"DON'T laugh at me. I'm like Mme. Galere. She's had a hard time and likes to see people succeed. Well, I want you to succeed. I'll make you succeed. Only—neither I nor anyone else can help you unless scandal is checked. And I won't try to deceive you—there'll be plenty of scandal. But those things can be stopped. I can see to it that the Manhattan man lets you alone. My husband knows his owners intimately. That can be done. But the word of mouth— You see, my dear, certain gossip can be checked by saying, 'But she's a Jones, or a Smith, or a Brown, or a Robinson.' And people don't care what a Smith or Brown or Robinson does, provided that Smith or Brown or Robinson *belongs*.

"But with an outsider—well, it's different. If you had prestige of any sort. If you were a great singer or actress or artist or had written a sensational novel—that's sufficient background. But as it is—you'll have to become engaged."

"Engaged?" Donna gasped.

"Why not? It should be easy enough. Here's Gardner, and there's Granby—and I suspect there are others. You'll have gone far enough to have acquired a rich and well-known fiancé—"

"I don't—I don't care for them," objected Donna.

"And you plan the sort of marriage you have in mind, and insist on love, too? You ask a great deal of life."

"It's only by asking a lot that we get a little," Donna said.

Mrs. Curlew waved this aside.

"If you only had some means of support; I mean to say, if a girl is an interior decorator, or works on a magazine—but when she does nothing, and apparently has money, people want to know who her family was, who left her this money? I mean, that one must have some sort of an identification, something—"

"But I haven't," said Donna.

"Which makes it terribly hard," said the older woman. "If they say that Mary Allen is being kept by some man, Mary's friends reply that she really works terribly hard in some shop. Understand? You're an attractive girl, and you're brave. Foolish, yes? You did an incredibly silly thing in accepting money from a man, but—"

"If I hadn't accepted it," said Donna daringly, "I'd not be here with you now."

"True enough," admitted Mrs. Curlew, "but it's rather hard to sit in certain places, with certain people, and then—not to be able to sit there, or with them, any longer. My child, you must marry. Is there anyone beside Granby or Frank Gardner that—er—"

"There is," said Donna coolly.

"One who has proposed or can be made to propose?"

"Madame, I'm positive you will not find a plane with a rumble seat"

DONNA, thinking of Don Blaisdell, nodded.

"Eligible?"

"I think so," said Donna.

"Then, if ambition is as strong in you as it seems to be—accept him," advised Mrs. Curlew.

"But I don't love him," objected Donna.

"Then I suggest that you marry the man you love."

Donna stared at her.

"The man I love?"

Mrs. Curlew laughed.

"Of course. You know you're in love, don't you?"

"Why, I'm not at all," said Donna.

"No?" Mrs. Curlew's eyes and voice were quizzical. "Not at all with Frank Gardner?"

"Absolutely not," cried Donna. "What on earth made you think such a thing?"

"Merely an average knowledge of human nature," replied the other. "When a girl does something so extraordinary to a man—"

"I did nothing to him," said Donna.

"Well, let me phrase it differently," Mrs. Curlew corrected. "When a girl has such an extraordinary effect upon a man, it must be that the man has some corresponding effect upon the girl."

"I don't see why that follows," objected Donna.

"It doesn't—always, but it frequently does. But, if you won't marry him—then you won't."

"I won't," said Donna, with emphasis.

"May I tell my husband of our talk?" asked Mrs. Curlew.

"Yes," said Donna.

"He's wise—extremely wise." Mrs. Curlew's voice and eyes softened as she mentioned her husband. "He'll be able—my dear, we'll help."

"But why should you?" asked Donna.

Mrs. Curlew, having tipped the waiter in accordance with his most hopeful expectation, rose.

"We've gone into that. Can I put you down anywhere?"

But Donna preferred to walk and said so, and the stout matron kissed her good-by on the sidewalk.

DONNA, proceeding north on Park Avenue, completely forgot the tea engagement with Mme. Galere. What amazing kindness she had encountered in this harsh and cruel world. Mme. Galere, Mrs. Curlew—Randolph Granby must not be forgotten, either. If only there were no balancing evil in the world. . . .

But she had enlisted a mighty champion in her behalf, in the person of Fannie Curlew. Only, what, really, could a champion do in her behalf? People couldn't stop other people and say, "You're thinking evil thoughts of Donna Raynor and mustn't think them any longer."

People couldn't hire space in the newspapers and put in advertisements reading, "Donna Raynor has no relatives and no close friends, but she's a pure woman and you shouldn't gossip about her."

She had accomplished the incredible. She, an unknown girl, had been received by people who were, according to the scheme of her ambitions, important. These people liked her, introduced her to their friends. She had done more, she decided as she looked backward over the past few months, than was believable. Why on earth should Fate be unkind enough to intervene brutally now? Why had she this—well, *lure* was a nasty word, but seemed to describe it—this thing that attracted men?

Better be grateful for that attraction which she possessed rather than regretful that she owned it.

She was taking off her hat in her bedroom when she suddenly remembered the engagement with Mme. Galere. She called to Jennie to discontinue the tea-making process which had been started on her entrance, and replacing her hat, opened her front door on the way out.

A man stood before her. In the gloom of the landing his features were not clearly discernible.

"Miss Raynor?"

"Yes," she said, wondering why he hadn't been announced from downstairs.

"I'm from Chit-Chat. You know our little paper? The management wishes to sell you some stock."

Of course she knew of Chit-Chat. Mr. Manhattan was a sweet, generous person compared to this rag that thrived on blackmail.

"Why should I buy stock in your paper?" she demanded.

"If you'll permit me, I'll tell you why," he replied.

(*To be continued next week*)

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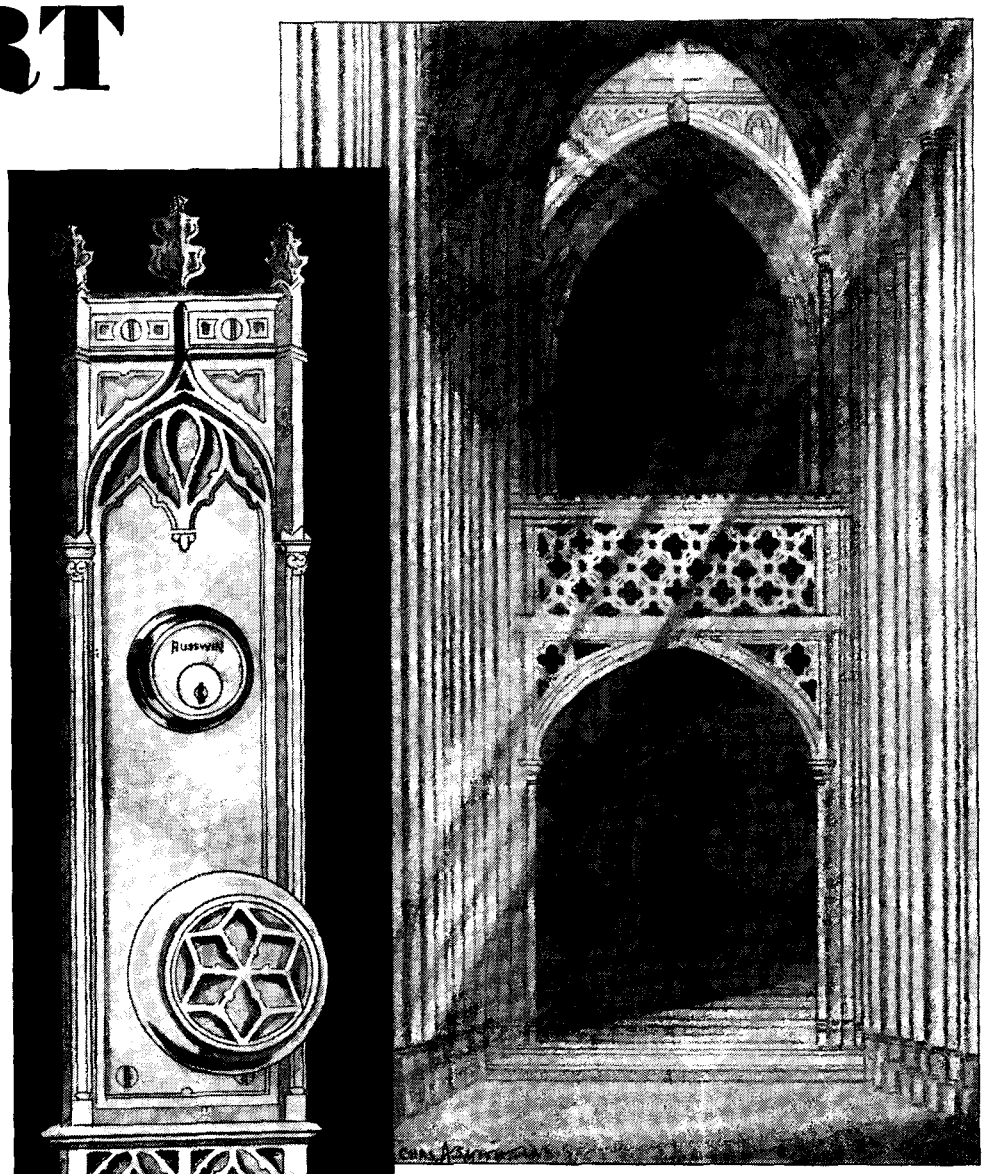

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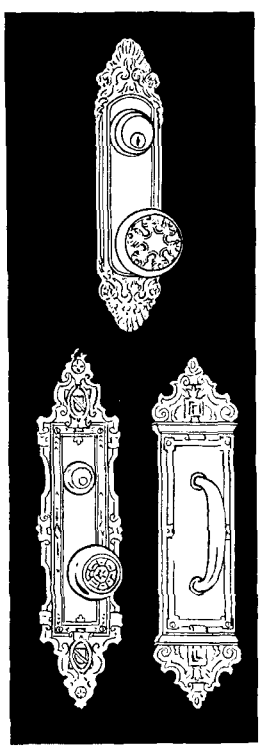

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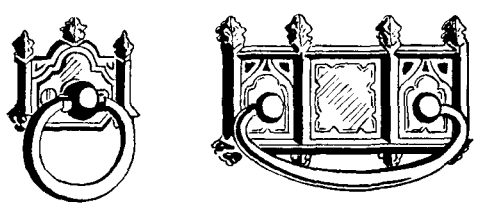

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The Twenty-Fourth Hour

Continued from page 9

"Hey, where you goin'?" the policeman yelled.

"A business call," said Latham, with dignity.

"Where?" the policeman insisted.

"I fail to see that it is any concern of yours," Latham declared.

"Apartment 4D," Alice said quickly. "Come on," she said to Latham.

"Wait a minute, wait a minute, whoa there!" the policeman blocked their way. "Maybe you know somepin."

A dozen people crowded around them.

"Here is my card," said Latham.

"Oh." There was awe in the policeman's manner now. He stepped aside. "I'll go up with you, Mr. Latham."

"What's happened?" Alice demanded.

"You come too," said the policeman. "Get back, all of yuh!" he growled at the bystanders.

They climbed three flights of stairs to Apartment 4D. It consisted of two tiny rooms and a bath, cheaply furnished, but clean.

"She's gone!" Alice exclaimed.

"Yeah," the policeman agreed. "Just a little while ago two men carried her out, screamin', and put her in a car and drove away. The neighbors called me, but it was all over when I got here. Know anything about it?"

"They overheard her talking to me!" Alice declared. "I thought I heard a funny noise, sort of like a scream, just before the phone was hung up." She turned to the policeman. "You've got to find her, you've got to! Right away!"

UNDER the lash of frantic demands from Montgomery H. Latham, the police were searching the city. Now the great criminal lawyer was alert, eager. If he found Jessie Duke it would be one more triumph. He would save a man's life—but more important than that, Montgomery H. Latham's picture would be in the papers.

Alice was waiting with him in his office. She sat beside his desk. It was now after midnight. The late editions of the afternoon papers lay on the desk. Alice glanced at the headlines, which promised an execution at 2:30 A. M.

At the first click of the bell he seized the telephone.

"Yes?" he said. There was a long silence, as he listened. Alice leaned forward, taut, her clenched fists on the newspapers.

"Great!" Latham said. "I'll be right down." He jumped up.

"They've found her!" he shouted and reached for his hat and coat. "Shot in the back, beside a road out in Engledale. She's still alive—at the city hospital. They're operating. She'll live!"

Alice pointed to the telephone. "Call the Governor."

"Right!"

He got the little hotel in Pine Lake and asked to speak to the Governor.

"Lots of noise," he said to Alice. "They must be having a wild party." He turned quickly to the phone. "Hello! Hello, Governor? . . . Oh, it's you, G. W. The Governor there? . . . When will he be back? . . . Well, listen, G. W. . . ."

He told the Lieutenant Governor about Jessie Duke.

Evidently the Lieutenant Governor answered, "Well, what of it?"

"What of it?" Latham yelled. "I want the Governor to telephone the Warden and order a stay! That's what of it! . . . How do I know it's Jessie Duke? Well, I know! I'm certain of it. . . . Yes, that's true, but, G. W., this time I've got her. . . . Hey, wait a minute!" He turned to Alice, crestfallen. "He hung up. He said to get the Chief of Police to telephone the Governor that the Chief has positive evidence that it's Jessie Duke and that she is ready to talk."

"All right," said Alice, promptly. "Let's go find the Chief."

"But," Latham was in despair, "they don't know. There's nothing on her to identify her, and nothing in her apartment."

"Ask her who she is! Get a statement from her! My God!" she raged, "are you going to stand there and—"

"Don't you understand!" he interrupted. "She's on the operating table, under ether, and she won't be able to talk until morning! We're lost!"

"Lost!" she denied fiercely. "They don't hang innocent men, I tell you!" Her eyes fell on the headlines in the newspaper. "Liar! Liar!" she shouted. "He'll never—" she stopped suddenly.

Latham was putting on his coat. She looked at the newspaper. She read something there. Tense, like a mechanical man, holding her breath, she raised a hand to her temple and let her hand, pressing hard, slide down her face, her eyes fixed on the words she read. "I'll go to the prison," she said softly as if she hardly dared to speak aloud. She grasped the newspaper tight.

"Oof, my error!"

"YOU can see the boy at two o'clock," the gray-haired old Warden said, kindly. "Just before he goes—er, into the yard. That won't be long."

"He's not going into the yard," she declared.

The Warden shook his head doubtfully. "I wish you were right, Miss Rankin. I—I've talked a lot to that boy and, Miss Rankin, I don't believe he did it."

"Of course he didn't do it! And you're not going to hang him! Will you please let me see the court order?"

He took it out of his desk. She held the newspaper in one hand pressed against her breast and reached for the document with the other. The order commanded the Warden to hang John Van Dyke at 2:30 A. M. on Sunday, April 28th.

She nodded and returned the legal form to him.

"Thanks," she said, and relaxed in her chair. "You can't hang Jack on that order."

He looked at it quickly, then his eyes met hers. He was irritated. This was no time for joking and he was about to tell her so, but in her eyes he saw something that stopped him.

"Why not?" he asked, scanning the document with its legal seal and three signatures.

"You are ordered to execute him at 2:30 A. M."

"Yes."

"You can't execute him at two o'clock—nor at three o'clock?"

"No, of course not. Half past two is the time."

She unfolded the newspaper. She pointed to a box on the front page. She read the headline to him, "Set Your Watches Forward Before You Go to Bed."

She glanced quickly at the Warden's puzzled face and resumed reading aloud: "By act of Legislature, Daylight Saving Time officially goes into effect at two o'clock tomorrow morning. One hour is dropped out of the twenty-four, so tomorrow legally is only twenty-three hours long. The lost hour will be picked up when Standard Time is restored in September."

The Warden seized the paper and read the item.

"I don't get you," he said.

"There is no 2:30 A. M. this morning. The state orders you to set your clock ahead one hour at 2 A. M. Two o'clock legally becomes three o'clock. An hour is lost—utterly lost."

"But—why—it can't be possible that—"

"The same authority that commands you to hang Jack at 2:30 has legally wiped out that hour. There is no such time in this state. Understand?"

"I think I see what you mean," he guessed vaguely. "But—" He picked up the court order and read it carefully. Then he reached for the newspaper. He read the item again and he scratched his head. He muttered to himself, confused.

"By George!" he exclaimed. "I hope you're right! But—but it doesn't seem reasonable, someway. I guess I better phone the Attorney General."

"You can get his opinion tomorrow. It's up to you to use your own judgment. You think Jack is innocent, don't you? Well, you can't legally hang him tonight."

"I don't want to do anything I oughtn't to," he said cautiously. "I'll call the Attorney General."

THE Attorney General, roused from a sound sleep, listened to the Warden's problem, then gave his opinion.

"All right, sir," said the Warden, despairingly, and hung up the receiver. He turned to Alice. "He says it's nonsense and for me to go ahead with the execution at 2:30 A. M., Standard Time."

"It's not nonsense! You've got to wait for a new court order!"

She looked up. Latham had just opened the door and, before he entered the office, was assuring the newspaper men, waiting outside, that he was moving heaven and earth. He came in and closed the door.

"Not a chance," he lamented. "She can't talk for hours."

"Listen to me!" Alice ordered.

She told him of her discovery.

"Great!" he exclaimed. "Wonderful!" He rubbed the palms of his hands together and looked questioningly at the Warden. "That ought to settle it, don't you think?"

"The Attorney General says to go ahead," the Warden said.

Latham's face fell. "You don't mean that you will go ahead—illegally?"

"What else can I do?"

"Well," Latham pondered. "The Attorney General knows his law. If he says so—"

"To hell with the Attorney General!" Alice raged, and pointed to the telephone. "Get the Governor!"

The Governor was called to the telephone at Pine Lake. Latham began to explain the situation. The Governor interrupted.

"You can, too, be bothered," Latham yelled. . . . "I say the execution cannot legally take place until the court issues another order. You have got to grant a stay. Hear me?"

Latham turned to Alice. "There's a lot of noise there," he said. "I can't make him understand." He turned back to the telephone. "I'll tell you again, Governor. It's this way. . . ." He sighed. "He doesn't get it," he said. "He says to let the Attorney General decide."

"Let me talk to him!" Alice seized the telephone. Her voice was crisp and sharp: "Governor, you signed a Daylight Saving Bill that abolishes one hour today. In that hour Jack Van Dyke is sentenced to hang. If you do not stop the execution you will have allowed an innocent man to be murdered! Tomorrow morning Jessie Duke will make a statement that will clear Jack. And you will be run out of the state because I am going to tell the newspapers—What's that?" She turned to the Warden. "The Governor wants to speak to you," she said.

THE Warden flung open the door of his office. Close behind him was Alice, followed by Latham.

"The Governor has granted a stay, boys!" the Warden announced.

The reporters rushed toward him, asking questions furiously.

Alice dragged him by the hand. "Come quick!" she ordered. She spoke to the reporters: "Mr. Latham will tell you all about it." She dragged the Warden toward the doors that led to the cell block.

"Well, boys," Latham began, "I happened to get an idea. . . ."

The iron doors behind her, Alice ran down the corridor toward the cells of the condemned.

"It's all right, honey," she cried. "It's all right. Didn't I tell you?"

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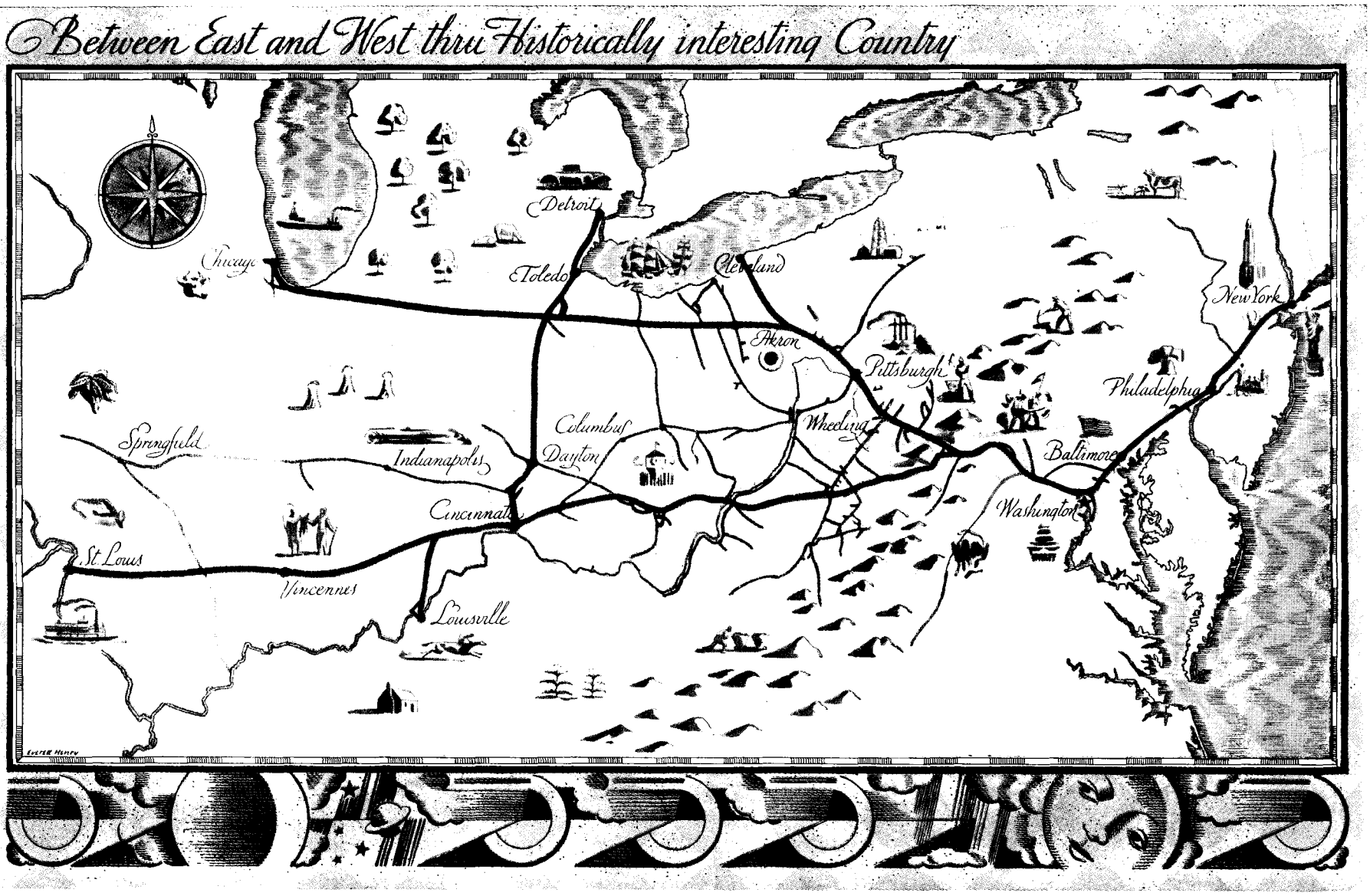

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flushed still more, as she smiled in pretty confusion.

"I'm so silly," she said. "I told Paul you wouldn't mind after I'd explained to you. Old Peterkins! Just an old Peterkins, that's what you are!" . . .

The advent of Paul's automobile brought no happiness to the house, although Ada found a certain satisfaction in explaining to the neighbors that the car was Paul's—her oldest son's—yes, that was the handsome one. But young Tom stormed and wept because he was not permitted to drive. And the small Becky, in particularly bad humor, announced that she herself wouldn't want anything but an airplane when she was grown up. Marian was annoyed because Paul drove off in the car alone, to see a prospect.

No one but Peter thought of the bank account. His thoughts went against his will to the depleted savings, as his tongue might have gone to the gum from which a tooth had been torn.

He reproached himself crossly for this. He didn't actually need the money. He could save more. And Paul had needed the automobile. It was a pretty how-do-you-do if a man couldn't lend money to his brother without carrying on about it.

ASHAMED of himself, he drifted out of the house and, contrary to custom, found himself wandering into the elaborate foyer of the neighborhood moving-picture palace.

He sat—in a lethargy bordering on the comatose—through a drama of unrequited passion, an animated cartoon and two reels of surfboard sports in Hawaii. Then, when the curtains were drawn over the screen and the baby spot centered upon the organist, Peter roused himself and glanced about. A profile at his left was vaguely familiar. He looked at the profile again and again—suddenly immensely disconcerted to find his neighbor's great blue eyes looking squarely into his.

"I'm sure I've seen you," he said, stammering. "But I don't know where. I—"

"At the Press," the girl whispered, smiling. "I'm one of the typists in the publicity department."

"Oh," he said. "Oh, yes."

He tried to think of something to say. He was still smiling timidly, foolishly, turning his neck about in its collar. But he felt that the girl was as shy as he was. They both stared rigidly at the organist. After a while the baby spot shifted and a tenor strolled to the stage, moving in the warm yellow cone of light. The tenor poised his fingers lightly together over his chest, and sang.

When the song was over the girl whispered, "This was where I came in." And she pulled a little felt hat down over her hair.

"I might as well leave myself," said Peter, with a rather surprising nonchalance. "I don't care about seeing the comedy."

They went down the street together. A large window display of caramels gave him an idea.

"Do you like . . . do you ever care for ice cream?" he asked her.

"Sometimes. I'm pretty fond of ice-cream sundaes," she said.

They sat facing each other across a little glass-topped table. The knowledge that she was shy had suddenly given him confidence in himself. He joked a little about her order—Pineapple Bliss. He himself had ordered a lemonade. They each took a folded paper napkin from the glass in the middle of the table.

"Isn't it funny," she said, "our seeing each other in a movie?"

"It's cer'nly a coincidence," he said.

There was silence for a moment.

Canfield Fury

Continued from page 19

"I've—I've seen you several times going through the department," she explained suddenly.

"Oh, yes," he said.

HE WAS wondering why he had never noticed her. She was such a pretty little thing. She was hardly any bigger than Becky, but she had a grown-up little way with her. He liked her gentle voice and the quiet way she had with her hands. Her name, it developed, was Lucy Allen.

He accompanied her home—it was about a fifteen-minute walk from the theater—and on their way they talked, having suddenly discovered that there were a great many things they wanted to know of each other and to talk about.

She said, "Everybody in the composing-room says you're the nicest man to work with, Mr. Carmichael. They say you've got the nicest disposition!"

"Oh, that!" He laughed, apologetically. "As a matter of fact, it's harder for me to get mad than *not* to get mad. Much harder."

"Well," she said anxiously, "you ought not to let anybody put things over on you, of course."

Peter discovered that he was longing to talk about just this point. Nobody else, within his memory, had ever wanted to talk to Peter about himself.

"As a matter of fact," he went on, interestedly, "there's only one thing that makes me mad. And it's a kind of funny thing that I can't show I'm mad about. It's when I'm playing Canfield—that solitaire game, with cards, you know. If anybody tries to help me out, to show me how to play the cards before I see for myself—why, I want to kill 'em. Can you imagine?"

She was silent for a moment.

"Why don't you lock the door on them?" she demanded.

"Well . . . well, I can't exactly do that. I live with my family."

"But your own room?"

"Well . . . I haven't a room exactly." He added hastily, "It's a big house—it's a really very nice house my mother has—but I sleep on the couch in the dining-room . . . out all day, you see."

She was so obviously interested that he told her a little about the family and about the house.

"Do you know where Mike's place is?"
"No, I'm not acquainted around here"

When he left her, with an agreement made between them to go to the movies upon the next Saturday night, he had no idea that she had learned a great deal more about his family than had actually been told to her.

But he realized that she was a smart little thing, just as smart as they make 'em. If she had been only pretty, he wouldn't have been so interested . . . but she was smart, too.

A CUSTOM became established, without words being said about it, that they were to spend Wednesday and Saturday evenings together. Peter said nothing about Lucy at home, because he dreaded the jokes of Tom and Becky, the superior amusement of Paul, and the displeasure of Ada. He did not know why he thought that Ada would be displeased, but he was sure she would be.

Lucy and Peter didn't always go to a movie. Lucy shared a small apartment with a girl friend and sometimes, when the girl friend was out, Lucy and Peter had a game of rummy—or tuned in on different stations on the three-tube radio. Lucy had a droll way of mimicking some of the announcers. She never missed a joke in anything, but she didn't laugh loudly; she had a funny little chuckle which reminded him, somehow, of a small brook running along. Before he left her, she always made coffee for the two of them, and sandwiches.

One night, just as he was going to say good-by, he bent down and kissed her. Her hair smelled nice. And she was very little.

Abruptly he said, "Well . . . good night!"

And he walked down the street blindly, not knowing what it was all about for several minutes. Then it occurred to him, quite suddenly, that he loved Lucy Allen and, likewise, that Lucy Allen loved him.

He stumbled on a curb. He was still slightly dazed because he could not regard himself detachedly; he could not realize that he was a nice young man in love with a nice young woman—whose union would be a simple and natural and most commonplace event. Now the methodical habits of his mind steadied and sustained him. The twelve hundred dollars was gone and Paul had not yet made a commission. But that couldn't be helped. He could save more, and by the first of the year Mainwaring was going to give him a raise. There was his mother—but, after all, the house was hers, and she had a small income from his father's life insurance.

He and Lucy could begin on a simple scale—Lucy wouldn't mind, just for the first year or two. Peter's heart hammered as he thought of himself and Lucy, beginning on the simple scale—living in some little place by themselves. He thought of Lucy's gentle voice, of the quiet way she had with her hands. With a reluctance of which he was ashamed he turned his key in the lock of the Carmichaels' front door.

QUIETNESS was frightening in this house. Quietness moved with fear where there had been clamor and confusion.

Peter closed the door of the sitting-room behind him.

"What is it, Mother?"

Ada's listless eyes turned to him.

"It's Paul," she said dully. "He was late and we—Marian—called up the office. He lost his job two days ago, they said. But he said—he said he was calling on a prospect tonight."

"Oh," said Peter.

"Is that all you're going to say?" demanded Marian, shrill suddenly, and vindictive.

"Well . . . I don't know."

"Well, *I* do," said Marian loudly. "I'm going to clear out of this family. I've put up with all I'm going to put up with. I—"

"You are no wife," said Ada, turning swiftly upon her. "No wife for a high-spirited boy like Paul!"

She had risen, and she faced them both, turning angrily first to one and then to the other, alert to the criticism which had been made in words and to the criticism which had been made in silence. Peter saw then, clearly, that Ada would have defended her first-born against them all, would have sacrificed them all—Marian, himself and the children—if sacrifice had been necessary for Paul's sake. He did not resent this. He found himself humbly admiring the proud and passionate defense made by this fat, middle-aged woman who was his mother. But later, while Ada and Marian were quarreling, he thought of Lucy and of the twelve hundred dollars. He said nothing.

Paul came home and his story was

(*Continued on page 36*)

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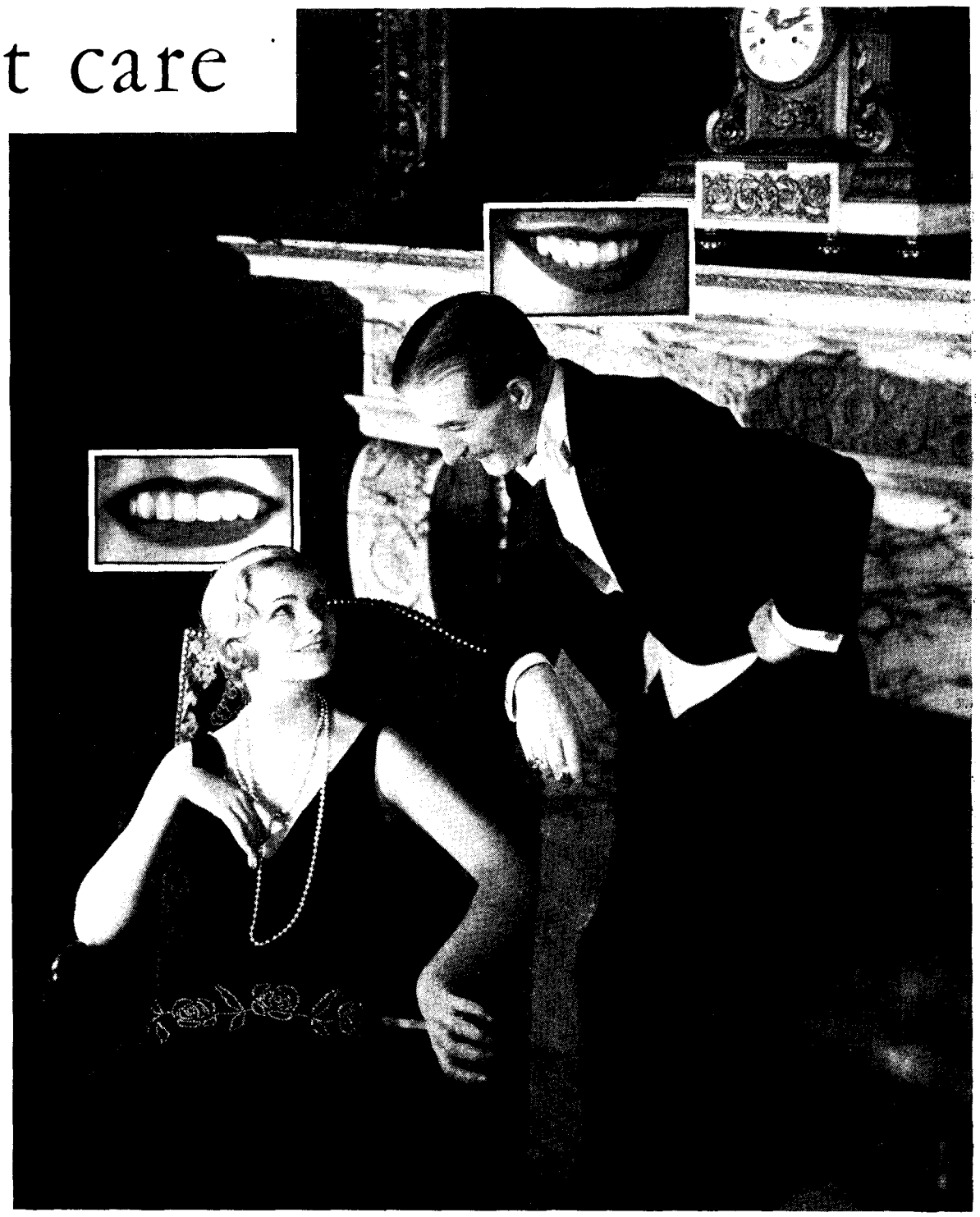
Teeth lovely to begin with deserve the tenderest care



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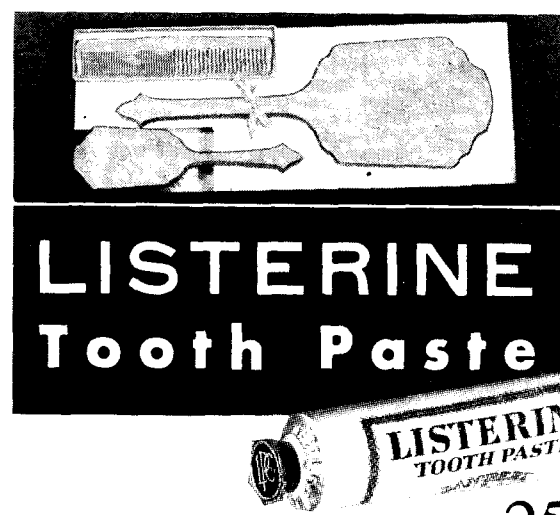

It saves you enough to buy a toilet set

There are so many things you can buy with that $3 you save by using Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢ instead of dentifrices in the 50¢ class. A toilet set is merely a suggestion.

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Canfield Fury

Continued from page 34

sordid—even more sordid than Peter had expected it to be. Paul talked to Peter, because he was afraid of the women. His eyes wavered always to Peter's eyes, and he interrupted his narrative with little appeals. "You see just how it came about, old man?" he said, again and again. But Peter said nothing, waiting to hear the story's end.

Paul said he was very sorry about the car—about the twelve hundred dollars. He had been ashamed to tell them about losing the job . . . not that he'd lost it exactly. No man of any pride would have put up with the prospects the company gave him—all tight old women and hard-up business men, who wouldn't have bought a car if they could have got it for a cigar coupon. But he'd been pretty well fed up about it. He hadn't wanted to tell them about it until he had found something else.

He paused, and the silence of waiting was almost unendurable. They all knew that the story wasn't ended. They all knew Paul so well. Paul would have made a bright exploit over the motor company affair, if there had not been more to the story than this.

But he wanted to say again right here that he had been planning to start out bright and early next morning to look for another job. He could give them his word on that. In the meantime he'd been pretty blue—hadn't wanted to be with his family, with this trouble on his mind. He hadn't known whether they'd understand how he felt about it. Anyhow, some way or other, he'd got acquainted with a girl who worked in an insurance office.

PAUL tapped a cigarette against the back of a silver case. Peter thought, in a queer and rather terrible detachment, that Paul had never looked so handsome as he looked then, searching for the eyes of his women coaxingly, boyishly. Ada's lip trembled. She began to pat her mouth, foolishly, with a plump little hand.

"You've just got to believe me, Mama—Marian!" cried Paul. "There was absolutely nothing in it. It was just a temporary, harmless thing—idiotic. But I'll never get mixed up with a girl again, I swear to you, Marian."

"Well, Marian, you needn't sit there so dumb," Ada remonstrated. "After all, the boy's confessed he was in a mix-up. It seems to me we oughtn't to—oughtn't to—"

Peter said, "Mother, please let Paul finish."

But Paul had turned gratefully to Ada.

"Well . . . the car was wrecked, Mama. Wait a minute—*I* didn't wreck it. A fellow came round a curve—worst thing I ever saw in my life. Came heading right towards me and—zowie!"

"Some of these drivers," said Ada furiously, "oughtn't to be allowed on the roads—"

"That wasn't all that happened," Marian put in slowly. "Some people would think it was enough—but not you."

But Paul looked again to Ada.

"You see, Mama, after we got out of the wreck and I managed to get a taxi . . . well, we got back late. You see, Mama, this girl has a brother that's a . . . that's a hard baby. When I got the girl back home he was waiting. He . . . well, he held me up. Said she hadn't known I was married, that I'd 'compromised' her, and all that. All lies. But I was thinking mostly of you and Marian . . . I let him have it in writing."

"The devil! The low, sneaking devil!" cried Ada. "What did you let him have in writing, dear?"

Paul tapped his cigarette several times against the rim of an ash tray.

He said then, in a low, hurried voice, "Well . . . I couldn't persuade him that I didn't have a good job, and that my family didn't have some money. Well, I promised him I'd pay him a thousand dollars—out of my salary—in weekly installments until it was all paid." He came swiftly to his mother, put an arm about her plump black satin shoulder. "I was thinking of you and Marian, Mama—I knew how you'd hate anything in the papers—"

HE TURNED then to Marian. In the end she could not resist—as in the past she had never been able to resist—the charm, the cajoling, child-like appeal of Ada Carmichael's oldest son.

But Peter was wondering about the

"What does the blurb say?"

story. It didn't seem sensible. It didn't seem clear or sensible. There was something Paul hadn't told, but the two women would believe him and Peter would never say anything. Then, suddenly, Peter's hands went very cold. He said nothing. He sat still, waiting—waiting for what Ada would say. Paul had no job, and in all his life Paul had never paid back any money he had borrowed. Peter waited for Ada to start thinking about the thousand dollars.

After all, Paul was the first-born. He had always been the brightest one in school, and so handsome that even when he was fourteen women had turned to look at him. No one, least of all Peter, could blame Ada Carmichael for loving him more than any of the others, nor for fighting for him now when he was in trouble.

Paul said, "If you'd help me out, old man, I'd pay you back every cent if I starved doing it. I swear to you I would."

But Peter did not even hear his brother. He looked at Ada, and he spoke very slowly and carefully, as if the simplest words should be most valuable and meaningful between them.

"I hadn't wanted to tell you just now—tonight, Mother," he said. "But I've made up my mind I want to get married if Lucy will have me. Her name is Lucy Allen. I don't know that she'll have me, but I sort of think—I sort of hope she will."

Peter pressed his cold palms together. He did not like to mention Lucy's name in this room—in this room where Paul had been talking about his girl. But it was necessary. His mother had begun to cry, softly. She would not meet his eyes.

"THERE'S nothing so terrible in that, Mother," he insisted quietly. "She's a—an exceptional girl, and I'll be proud to have you know her. I had the finances all figured out. But I don't see how—if I've got to—to take care of this thing of Paul's—out of my salary—it takes a long time to save a thousand dollars. . . ." He rose suddenly, and faced his mother. He brought his two fists together, hammering them against each other gently. "It's not just, Mother, it's not just!"

He was prepared for argument. But the arguments against Paul ranged themselves in his mind; they were concise, logical, irrefutable. No matter how much his mother loved Paul, no matter how much she fought for his happiness, her arguments could not avail against these that were in his mind.

He was not a clever man. He was utterly surprised when his mother came to stand so near to him that he must needs put his arm about her—when she rubbed her plump cheek against his coat, speaking very softly.

"'Just!'" she said. "I know it's not 'just,' Peterkins. But I wasn't thinking about love. Oh, not that you should do this for Paul's sake—but for mine. Nobody knows better than you do, Peter, what Paul means to me. And you know if he got an ordinary job and tried to pay this off, he'd get discouraged and—and run off or do something terrible. You know that, don't you, Peter?"

"Yes," said Peter woodenly.

"Then do this for me, Peter. You care more for your mother than you do for this girl, don't you? And even if you had to wait a couple of years—"

Peter pulled himself away from the soft circle of her arms. Ada turned to the others.

"I'm going to make some coffee for all of us. I don't see how we can go to bed until something's—decided."

She smiled bravely at Peter, and went out into the kitchen. Another silence fell in the room. Peter, Marian and Paul avoided one another's eyes. Peter stood by the walnut music cabinet, playing with the tarnished gilt key in its lock.

He said nothing to the others. There was nothing to say. He fished out the tattered cardboard box, and sat at the untidy table—began to lay the cards out slowly.

He played carefully, not thinking about the cards—thinking about Lucy Allen. He knew now that the step he took would be irrevocable and final. If now he assumed the responsibility of Paul's debt, Lucy might take it for granted, justifiably, that he would always assume the responsibilities of Paul Carmichael's gay and purposeless existence. He must be fair to Lucy. But how much did he owe to the family—to Paul and to Marian and to his mother?

PETER frowned upon the mutilated queen of hearts. He was not thinking of the cards, but of Ada Carmichael, whose eyes were so warm and so proud when she looked upon her oldest son. He'd go through a lot to keep Ada Carmichael happy.

He saw Paul's hand, with the faint yellow stain of nicotine against the second finger. Paul's finger was tapping the table.

"Look there, Peter. There's your four of spades to play on your five of hearts. See?"

"Here's coffee," said Ada, standing in the doorway. "Marian, if you'll just clear a place on the table—"

Peter stood up.

"No coffee for me. Mother, I might as well tell you. I've decided. Paul's got to take his ordinary job and work off this—this debt. If he falls down on it, he's just not worth bothering about—that's all. I don't know what I was thinking about. It's so obvious that I owe my time and my money to Lucy. I'm sorry—but that settles it, Mother."

Ada Carmichael was very angry. Her soft lips tightened in an ugly line.

After a while she said, "But you'd almost decided to help Paul! I could tell you had! What made you change your mind, I want to know?"

Peter stared at her in honest bewilderment.

"I really don't know," he said.

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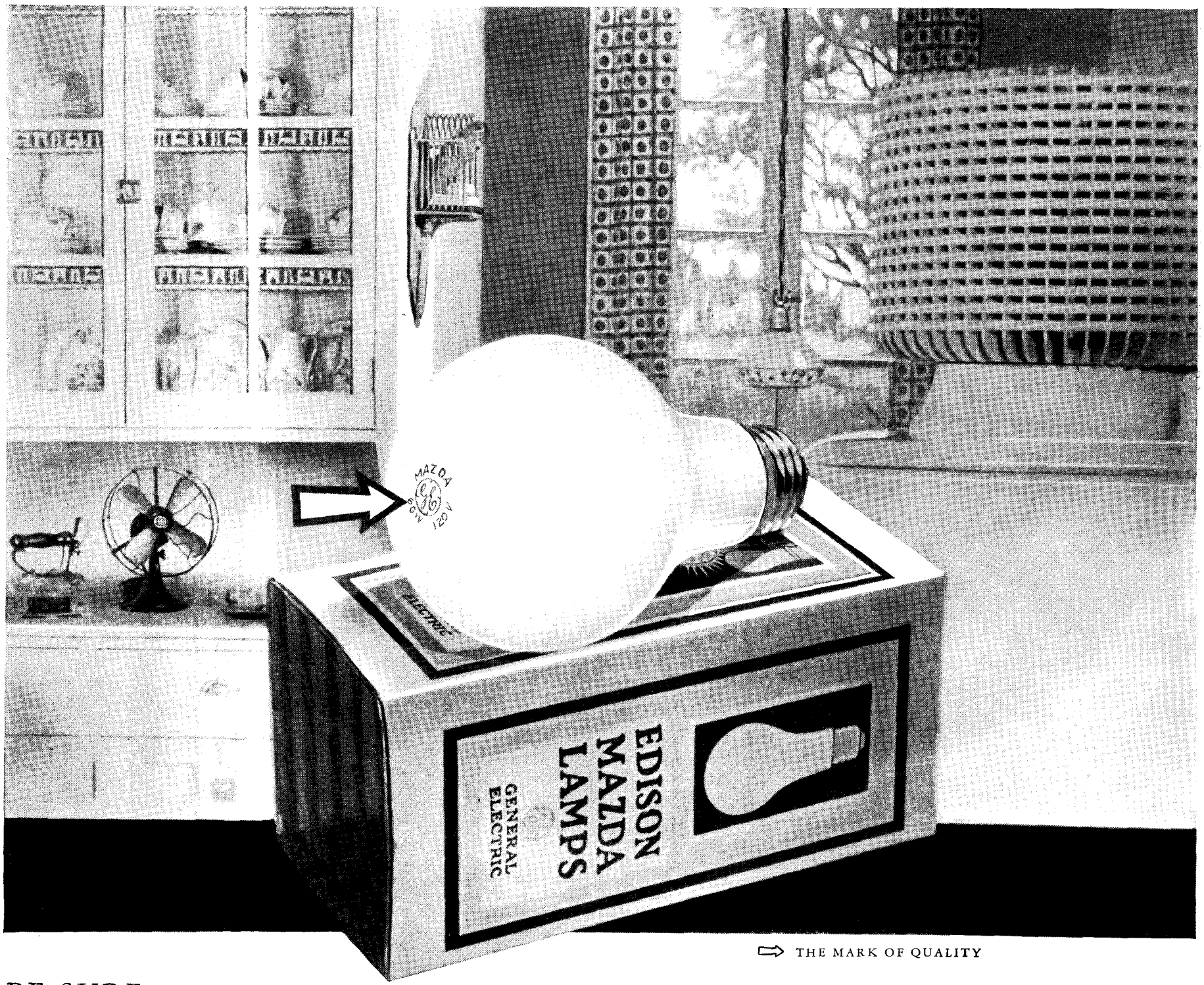

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EDISON MAZDA LAMPS

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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This Jammed Traffic

Continued from page 11

One reason, this writer surmises, for the great outcropping of ill-placed and ill-devised signs is the able and convincing activity of salesmen of various manufacturing concerns among members of our city councils.

Stop to think of it for a moment and, as motorist, you will realize that, in city traffic, there are at least eight possible left-hand turns. With a pencil and a piece of paper you can work them out.

One is to make a simple left-hand turn from the middle of the street with the green light; this forces you to move across the face of oncoming traffic, which has moved forward on the same signal. A second is to make this same turn from the middle of the street with the red light; this forces you to find a place for yourself in the cross traffic.

Number three is to prepare for your left-hand turn not in the middle of the street, but up against the right curb, and then move out with the red light, after traffic moving in your direction has been stopped. Of course this turn from the outer curb cannot be made on the green light.

A fourth left turn is the sort used in Washington, D. C. Here on the green light you keep to the right and move out into the street intersection, presenting your car sideways to the cross traffic, which, of course, is standing. The same green signal which sets this cross traffic to moving is your sign to make your left turn.

You can further complicate this problem of left-hand turns and at least double their variety by having the motorist turn either in front of the officer or the signal, or circle around behind him or it.

It is the utmost folly, though it has often been committed, for any police department to decide that one of these turns shall be used throughout an entire city. It is possible that each one of the eight may be used in certain parts of the town and not in others. Traffic engineers, not policemen, can best decide.

Not long ago at a great traffic conference it was suggested that New York, among other cities, adopt the rule of a simple turn to the left, on the green, from the middle of the street. This would have hastened traffic, perhaps, in smaller towns of the state, but in New York it would have resulted in wholesale slaughter; on Fifth Avenue it would have forced left-turners to move across the face of *three* lines of moving traffic!

The city of Chicago has learned the value of scientific, engineering, regulation of traffic as compared with flat-footed control by police. Heads of department stores in the Loop district of that city have learned this lesson thoroughly.

No one, thanks to scientific traffic engineering, parks in the Loop district in Chicago any more, nor on many of the main arteries leading out of the Loop.

"Get out of the way and keep out of the way," has been the general order to motorists in Chicago's Loop for over a year and everyone seems so satisfied with the results that the rule will stand for a long, long time.

Clearing the Loop

And yet there was a time, a couple of years ago, when the department store owners on State Street went almost wild with indignation when it was suggested that all parking be prohibited along that street.

It was Professor Miller McClintock, head of the Harvard Erskine Bureau, one of the few trail-blazing traffic engineers in the country, who threw a great white light of actual knowledge into the luxurious offices of the Loop's merchant princes.

Merchants, generally, in the Loop district were convinced that to prohibit parking was to take away a good deal of business.

"They thought," Professor McClintock told me, "that curb parking was part of their prosperity."

But the merchants discovered by questionnaires that almost three quarters of their customers had used public carriers to reach their stores; about twenty per cent had walked. Over half of their customers who *had* used cars had parked them in Loop garages. The small remainder had managed to find parking space near the store.

Later investigation by the merchants, after a period of non-parking, proved that the ordinance had brought them new business.

But right at this point we find proof of how little we know of the science of controlling motor car movement. As soon as the Chicago non-parking measure proved a success, plenty of city officials, all over the land, took a long running broad jump at the conclusion that non-parking laws in their own towns would settle the entire difficulty of jammed traffic. In many smaller towns, according to Professor McClintock, business has probably been actually injured by non-parking regulations not based on factual investigations.

The fact is that the traffic problem is different in every city. Only sixteen persons out of every thousand in Chicago parked their cars at the curb and went into some near-by store to make purchases. In Boston, however, eighty out of every thousand parkers are store customers, while in San Francisco one hundred and twelve parkers out of every thousand are customers. San Francisco and Boston merchants rightly cannot see the non-parking measure in the same favorable light as do the Loop merchants of Chicago.

Scientific, or even in a pinch common, horse-sense police investigation of fundamental facts is the first step toward solving our slow traffic problem. In a certain small New Jersey town merchants complained to the police about blockades of traffic caused by parkers. The level-headed chief of police sent out his force of five policemen to take the license numbers of cars. They found many cars habitually parked in the same spots every working day. Tracing ownership they discovered that it was the merchants themselves and their employees who were doing most of the parking. They didn't settle the traffic jam in that town by prohibiting parking. The merchants merely got together and agreed that their cars and those of their employees should be parked on a big empty lot down near the river. The result is that today most of the parking is done by customers, much to the profit of the merchants.

Making Motors Move

Motor cars aren't made to stand still; they're made to go. When they're standing still, at least in our present-day narrow streets, they're preventing other cars from going.

"Twenty years from now," explained Professor McClintock, as we passed through the streets of Boston viewing the various traffic puzzles yet unsolved, "photographs of blockaded business streets will seem as ridiculous to our successors as pictures of streets lined with hitching posts and carriages now seem to us."

"The emphasis then will be on 'Go'; today the emphasis is on 'Stop.'"

These traffic engineers, I discover, have extremely radical ideas that seem utterly topsy-turvy. For example: Another difficulty with our jammed traffic today is that there is too much external control of your car's movement; and external control always means slowing down traffic.

Yes, by this I mean that the traffic experts look forward to the day when we may dispense with the work of the haughty traffic cop on the corner.

In a spirit of mercy I will not name the famous square in Boston where I was shown a very busy traffic policeman who was literally, every now and then, blocking traffic, instead of helping it along. It would hurt him to know how useless he was.

"The Boston Traffic Commission has worked out traffic at this square," said Professor McClintock, "in such a way that it can hardly go wrong, so long as everyone keeps moving on the signal and doesn't lag." There are only one hundred and eighty-four possible traffic turns at this square!

We watched the street car and motor car traffic flow smoothly from five streets into and through this square.

"Shave, sir?"
"No—hair-cut!"

"Here's *internal* control of car movement," explained my guide, "control by the massed individual drivers, under direction of signals. Watch them roll along, without a jam.

"As a matter of fact we don't need a policeman at this square at all, but public opinion is not yet sufficiently advanced to permit us to remove him. And it's handy to have him here in case of an accident."

Almost every movement made by this smiling, happy Irish traffic expert helped unwittingly to impede the evening traffic rush. He would hold up traffic to help some straggling car long after the "Go" sign had been given; he gave right-of-way to street cars, against the "Stop" sign, just to get them out of the way of traffic. He unwittingly gave us several examples of how "external control" of traffic may be an obstacle instead of an aid.

"But you can't solve the problem of all 'bottle necks' by solving the problem of one in particular," explained my guide. "Each separate problem requires individual solution." Traffic was studied at two hundred and fifty-two different intersections in Boston. Each crossing presented a special problem.

Nothing holds up motor car traffic on already crowded city thoroughfares, aside from a horse-driven vehicle, more than the street car.

The Street Car Problem

Give it the "Go" sign and it lumbers along slowly, holding up everything behind it, and then suddenly stops, in the midst of traffic to take on or let off passengers. This may be, in part, avoided, as it is in Detroit, by sending the cars along at full speed, with motor traffic. They are allowed to stop only at widely separated points and are "fed" at these points with passengers who have been picked up by the street car company's own busses along the route and carried to the nearest street car stopping point.

But down under the surface of the busiest sections of our cities most of the street cars must go, together perhaps with our heavy motor truck traffic, according to the traffic experts. Already plans are being considered for "tunneling" certain portions of the street railway system of Los Angeles, San Francisco and Detroit. To add space for heavy motor truck traffic underground would not be an extra heavy financial load, if this were done when the tunnel is being built. Over a quarter of a century ago surface cars were removed from the busiest streets of London, Paris and Berlin; they move only along the edges of the business districts in these capitals. There is no reason why they should be permitted to paralyze this excellent new thing, motor traffic, as they do, in certain sections of every one of our larger cities.

Ask these experts in traffic how they look upon you and me and the other fellow as drivers and they hasten to tell you that not much personal blame can be put upon us. It's wonderful how we *do* get along, they say, considering present-day unscientific regulation of city traffic.

"When you find the right way to move traffic at any given point the driving public finds no difficulty in following the rules," explained an expert of the Washington traffic investigating bureau. "If drivers do seem to find difficulty and if there are smashes and accidents at that point it is because the right method has not been worked out.

"The time is at hand when we may almost cease blaming drivers themselves for traffic jams or accidents growing out of traffic crowding. The fault is with the rules, not with them."

(Continued on page 40)

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Hobby Hawes

By THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE

WHEN Senator Harry B Hawes of Missouri plays golf, which is as often as he can find time to do so, he may be observed taking out of his pocket repeatedly a little notebook, attentively reading it through, taking his stance deliberately, waggling his club in deep thought, and then letting go at the ball.

That little notebook contains the senator's private digest of all that the best golf writers in the world have written on the game. He has studied all the books on golf and has the prevailing, or what seems to him the best, opinion on how to make every shot that may be made on the links. Tee shot, under *T*—just how to grip the club, the exact speed at which to swing back, how far to advance the right toe, how to follow through. It is all there.

One room in his house looks like a sporting-goods store. He has every device for catching a fish that Izaak Walton knew about and every device that has been invented since. If you go fishing with him you find that he is not really interested in catching fish. He is testing the practicability of certain weights of lines, or some new reel. He has written a book about fishing, which will be published soon.

Mah jong was also one of his enthusiasms. He wrote a book about that, too, I believe. Anyway, he bought all the varieties of mah jong sets that could be obtained in any of the four quarters of the globe.

He loves to have his friends share his enthusiasms. His latest discovery in the way of a golf club or a fishing rod must be sent to all his friends. It is the same with books. If he likes a book he will buy several hundred copies of it, so that all his friends may share his pleasure.

A Distinguished Amateur

He is a man of sudden and tremendous enthusiasms. From the stories I have just told it would seem that his passions were all sport. But it is not so. He is capable of one hundred enthusiasms at once, over sports, over books, over people, over matters of legislation.

There is less of the specialist about him than about almost anyone else alive in these days when routine has claimed almost all of us. He is your true amateur, always alive to the possibilities of interest in everything, never settling down to the dull business of knowing everything about one thing and nothing about anything else.

Life has always dealt rather kindly with him and necessity has never forced him into a narrow groove. A Hawes, he is of good old Southern stock. There have always been Haweses of prominence in Virginia, in Kentucky, and in Missouri. Money has always come to him rather easily, all he cared for.

He has the advantage of good looks; in his younger days he was always known as Handsome Harry Hawes. He has the charm which men have who take little thought of themselves, who adventure among enthusiasms, who are generous, who carry along through the years a great deal of the spirit of youth.

The Captain of the Wets

One wonders how, pleasing himself as much as he has, he has been able to get far in politics. Nevertheless he, of a class not usually successful in city politics, was once the Democratic boss of St. Louis. He has been, moreover, a congressman and is now a senator. He has the capacity of attaching people to him, of making them like him.

I present this picture of him not because he is a great senator but because he, if anyone, is the leader of the Wets in the Senate. There has been a great political mortality among the leading Wets in the upper house. Wadsworth was defeated. Jim Reed retired. Bruce was defeated. And Edge, a lesser figure, has become an ambassador.

So the most outstanding Wet today is Handsome Harry Hawes of Missouri. The clash between the Wets and the Drys is not as sharp today as it was a year ago or two years ago, perhaps because Mr. Hawes has shuffled the prohibition discussion temporarily over to the Law Enforcement Commission. But partly because you do not have the always angry and intolerant Mr. Bruce of Maryland injecting the question into every discussion and partly because you do not have the striking and sensational Jim Reed keeping the issue always on the front page.

Harry Hawes is not made of the same kind of stuff as those two men. He is not so sharp-tongued and uncompromising. He is of too friendly a nature to use words that sting and burn in Senate debates. He finds his outlets in his enthusiasms about things that do not bring him into violent clash with his fellows in the Senate.

It is doubtful whether he is hard-bitten by ambition. He is by temperament a fixer and a compromiser.

But he has one old-fashioned Democratic virtue: his fidelity to the cause of individual freedom. There is enough of the old South about him so that he is himself an individualist. He is against prohibition as an invasion of the individual's rights.

This Jammed Traffic

Continued from page 38

As soon as we reach the city limits and move out into the country on what ought to be our inter-city speedways, we find ourselves under conditions which, twenty-five years from now, according to Professor McClintock, will look even more ridiculously old-fashioned than traffic conditions in our crowded streets.

We are even now building new highways that are as old-fashioned as rutted wagon roads; and it looks as if we would go on building them, at least in certain portions of the country, for some years to come. The time will come, however, when we shall travel fast! How fast? One hundred miles an hour? That's almost certain to come, *soon*. Two hundred? Maybe.

Traffic engineers don't measure our future speed by mileage per hour.

As Fast as You Can Go

"Top potent speed," is the description they give. That means: As fast as a car can be made to go; as fast as engineers can construct them to go. That means going as fast as we can. Here's the prophecy of Professor McClintock as to the inter-city motor car speed which we shall see by the middle of the century:

"Great major highways will be provided with great separations at all important intersections. They will be protected from pedestrian interference just as railroad rights-of-way are today. They will be banked at the curves, curbed, and otherwise constructed so that cars may move at top potent speed with far greater safety than at present."

Neither in city traffic, almost stagnated at points by wrong traffic regulations, nor on most of our inter-city highways, improperly graded, unbanked and not properly curved, are we really speeding. In fact our traffic speed is growing less in our cities with every increase in the number of motor vehicles.

We've got the motor car, the truck and the bus.

The next thing we must learn to do is to go fast with them, moving *en masse;* faster than the speed of a good horse, as we move today, if we have luck with us. We'll have to throw all of our old horse-and-buggy-day ideas on the scrap heap. It will be puzzling to some of us. For instance:

"How do you know," one Washington traffic expert asked me, "that it isn't all wrong for us to demand that cars go faster on the left edge of their lane and move slowly along the curb? Out in the middle of the road where the two left edges meet is where the two traffic streams touch each other—right out there in the middle of the road, where we force cars to move at the highest speed. Many of our most terrible accidents happen because of cars, moving at the highest speed, colliding out there. For all we know yet the middle of the road is where cars should move at *low* instead of high speed. For all we know cars passing cars ahead of them, may do it more safely, for all concerned, by moving toward the curb and passing on the right."

The science of engineering, that gave us the motor car, must now move out of the motor car laboratory, and help us, not only as individuals but as a great mass, to learn how to get the greatest possible usefulness out of our machines.

To a certain extent this movement is being made. Already the National Conference on Street and Highway Safety in Washington has prepared a very general Model Municipal Traffic Ordinance which helps to solve some of our difficulties. Local study of local problems by competent traffic engineers is, however, tne true way out of our troubles.

We have with Us

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this story an admirable man, who wished me to address the young ladies in his institution. The lecture was arranged. By accident, however, he came on a magazine, several months old, containing an illustrated installment of my novel, Adam and Eve. Though inclined to fundamentalism, he apparently had never got from the Bible the fact which the illustrations made clear, that Adam and Eve wore no clothes. Fearing, I suppose, that I wore none either, he canceled the engagement. He closed the ensuing debate with my manager, I understand, by saying kindly but firmly that, with his responsibility for the girls entrusted to his care, he could not offer the hospitality of the college to an author who wrote stories about naked people.

I am familiar with this prudence, and rather like it. Daniel Defoe would have understood it; he too protected the innocent reader. When Crusoe stripped to swim out to the wrecked ship, Defoe explained that his hero wasn't really nude—he had improvised a bathing suit. And wasn't there a squeamish Pope, after Michelangelo was gone, who had discreet draperies painted over the figure in the Sistine Last Judgment?

In one other girls' college the president disapproved of me, but his faculty, I understand, overruled him, and I was asked to speak. The president felt so keenly about my appearance that he declined to remain on the campus while I was speaking. His secretary told me that he had been called away on important business, but would return in time to bid me farewell. He had left his wife to attend, which seemed to me rather ungallant, as though one should send his women folk over the top. His mother also was there, a dear lady of some seventy years. Perhaps she hadn't heard any debate about my books, or perhaps she liked them. In any case she was the one person of the audience to whom I found myself talking, sure of a sympathy which a speaker can detect in a hearer.

In the Hands of the Undergrads

I lectured to her and talked with her afterward in perfect accord. Often I have wondered since in what terms she and her son discussed the episode, and I save up the memory of her as caution against classifying liberality of mind exclusively with the young in years.

To offset the occasional eccentricity of the elders, the lecturer takes from a long tour an unforgettable impression of the younger generation, whether in schools, in colleges, or in the literary clubs. Everywhere they seem healthy and sane, sound of heart and alert in mind.

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The engagements on my trip which were best managed were, many of them, in the hands of college students, usually of some fraternity which made itself responsible for that form of entertainment on the campus. I regret to say for my own sex that the management was inexpressibly superior in the hands of the girls, who seemed to have mastered the arts of diplomacy and social grace as well as of administration. When some young boy or girl introduced me to the audience, I had reason to remark almost invariably on the wit and grace of phrase—aspects of youth, that is, which somehow have been left out of those books supposed to tell us the whole truth about the flaming years.

They May *Look* Alike

The uniformity of impression which the audience makes is helped by the fact that all over the United States the women dress alike. The influence of fashion magazines must be prodigious. I stopped on Saturday afternoon to change trains in an out-of-the-way spot in northern Texas. From the farms and ranges the families were gathered to celebrate the half holiday. The town, so called, consisted of twenty or so houses, where two roads crossed. The men wore boots, spurs, wide hats. The women were dressed as their sisters would be in any large city. The fabric may have been simple, but the style was correct, even to the shoes, the short skirts, the fiber-silk stockings.

This and other kinds of uniformity may suggest to the visitor from abroad that America is becoming standardized. To me the suggestion seems absurd. I get the impression of *standardization* rather in Europe, in the rigorous etiquette, the classification of ideas, the disposition in all ranks of society to continue a tradition and run true to type. Certainly our women dress in one prevailing fashion, as we all resign ourselves to one pattern in postage stamps, but they probably keep as large a share of individuality as though each invented an outer fashion of her own.

Even to an American born and bred the extent to which communication of all sorts has been developed in our country is astounding. One needs to travel from border to border to realize this development, unique in history. The radio operates in other lands, but nowhere, probably, over so large an area in which one language is spoken. The extent to which news and ideas as well as music are now distributed daily and nightly is incalculable. You hear people referring casually to a certain orchestra, or to a speaker who has never been within a thousand miles of their home. The effect of this wide contact begins to show itself, and I for one think the results promise well.

In music it is said that the radio has killed off the concert audience to which the touring artist used to appeal. I doubt if the statement is correct. The touring artist was beginning to disappear from our life before the radio was perfected. The country was already outgrowing the old system of management for artists. The public to which that system limited itself has now been dispersed into distant sections, but the fact that it is harder than it used to be for the artist to reach his audience is no sign that interest in music has died out. The influence of the radio in remote places seems, on the contrary, happy. If, to any extent, it has cut down the number of people who might otherwise travel a long distance to attend a concert, it has also increased an urge to perform music, to sing or to play.

From the standpoint of a large city like New York, where innumerable concerts can be heard, the power of the radio, as in the splendid pioneer work of Dr. Walter Damrosch with his Children's Concerts, is likely to be underestimated. In any isolated part of the country, however, to which those radio concerts now reach one finds such gratitude as gives new confidence in the use that will eventually be made of this miraculous form of communication.

Communication with us depends as much on the automobile as on the radio. The traveler in the South and West witnesses the coming back of the old stagecoach, translated into modern times. The busses which ply from town to town and village to village have the old romance of travel which Washington Irving and Dickens talked about in England, but now with the addition of speed and comfort. The busses move almost if not quite so fast as the trains, and since they go through the center of the community instead of around the outskirts they give you a fair view of the community at its best. They stop at scheduled eating places, and it is easy to foresee the return of something like the old tavern spirit. The humble cafeteria is even now invaded by a sense of travel and pilgrimage; it may in time reflect in its outward appearance the romance which enters its doors.

At the end of this tour I have the pleasantest recollection of hundreds of interviewers, personally a fine lot of people, men and women. Since I have had twenty-five years of college teaching, I am not surprised to see my ideas return to me after a lecture in a form which I cannot recognize. But after watching from day to day the well-meaning reports of what I said, I wonder if it is possible for the human mind to get anything straight, and I begin to speculate on the amount of inaccuracy a newspaper in all good faith can contain. It is a matter, as I said, of psychology. The simplest words you use may start unexpected trends of thought in your hearer, even if he is a trained reporter. The questions he brings to you color his interpretation of your replies.

The extreme case in my trip occurred when a reporter asked me what I thought of certain theories of marriage, companionate or otherwise. Not pretending to be expert in that field, I dodged the question. The reporter went on to say that it seemed a pity to disturb the status of marriage by too much discussion of it, since marriage is the bulwark of society. I couldn't resist saying that, though the home is no doubt the cornerstone of our society, few young men in love ever ask a young girl to marry them in order to bolster up the state. It is just that emotional fact of love which makes marriage a difficult problem.

A Difference of Opinions

The reporter agreed with me and, encouraged by that sign of intelligence, I added that the people who say marriage is the bulwark of something or other forget that where marriage has been undertaken for a cold-blooded social or state reason, as in ancient Rome, a good deal of liberty has been allowed the patriot in finding his love affairs outside the home. With that remark also the reporter agreed. I was horrified the next day to read, as coming from me, a statement that in the Middle Ages the Roman Catholic Church invented marriage to bolster up a decaying society! Apparently the name Rome meant to the reporter the Catholic Church, and my entire idea got off the track. I spent the next fortnight explaining to Roman Catholic friends that I had not suddenly become a lunatic.

If it is difficult to gather opinions or facts with any accuracy, one would think that newspaper men would understand the liability and make allowance for it, but most editors, apparently, assume that the reporter always has his account straight, unless his victim is on the spot to protest and contradict him at once. Without such a protest the editor feels at liberty to write editorials on any reported opinion, no matter how grotesque or incredible.

I never before understood why there is so general a distrust of the modern newspaper among intelligent people. Just how to avoid the unconscious inaccuracies of which I am speaking, I do not know. Perhaps the newspaper world itself will work out a remedy without suggestions from the aggrieved laymen. But in this field at least I bring back from my tour some sympathy with the foreign visitor who is shocked at the enterprise and the inaccuracy of our newspaper reporting. In the large cities, of course, one finds many exceptions, and occasionally in the smaller towns, but the mass of our newspapers are printing many editorials and special articles compounded of good intentions and misinformation.

Equally disturbing is the observation, not new but for me newly emphasized, that Americans in all sections are developing a curious double life, maintaining a set of supposed standards which have less and less relation to their conduct; I do not for the moment pretend to estimate either the standards or the conduct; I notice only the separation between them.

We are all accustomed to this fact in the matter of prohibition. I was not surprised to find true what other travelers report, that drinking seems to be common in all parts of the country.

Unconsciously Adventurous

What came to me with a fresh shock, however, was the peace of mind with which many admirable men can uphold prohibition and continue to violate its spirit and the law. I recall one charming Southern gentleman who at the very moment when he was pouring out refreshments for his guests argued with some of us that prohibition was essentially a sound enterprise and had come to stay. One half of his mind admired the theory and the other half seemed to guide him through a practice absolutely contradictory. This double set of ethics can be illustrated in other fields quite as important. The average American still wants certain old-fashioned and conventional things said about the home; he wants books which represent husbands and wives as husbands and wives should be. In actual life, however, he is astoundingly at ease with conduct not at all Victorian nor in accord with the tradition. His actual ideas about sex, his tolerance for the conduct of others, even when his own behavior is conventional, would lead you to expect, if you didn't know the American temper in such matters, that he had sat at the feet of Havelock Ellis. Yet in public he will look for the hardest adjectives he can find to condemn such adventurous people as Judge Lindsey.

He is equally correct according to the tradition where the Church is concerned, whatever church he was born and brought up in; whatever church, that is, he now stays away from. His actual beliefs in religion come out casually in conversation. They usually contradict absolutely his professed theology.

What is important here, I think, is that the American is so much at ease with his inconsistency. What the significance is for the future one can only guess. If he ever becomes thoroughly aware of his conduct and of its implications, he will be startled, I should think, to see how far more adventurous he has been than he ever knew.

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"Please accept my thanks for your check for $200.00 in payment for the copper cent I sent you. I appreciate the interest you have given this transaction. It is a pleasure to do business with a firm that handles matters as you do. I wish to assure you that it will be a pleasure to me to tell all my friends of your wonderful offer for old coins."
JULIAN D. MARTIN, Virginia.

This is but one of many similar letters we are constantly receiving. Post yourself! It pays! We paid Mr. Manning, New York, $2,500 for a single silver dollar. Mrs. G. F. Adams, Ohio, received $740 for some old coins. We paid W. F. Wilharm, Pennsylvania, $13,500 for his rare coins. In the last twenty years we have paid hundreds of others handsome premiums for old bills and coins.

All Kinds of Old Coins, Medals, Bills & Stamps WANTED!

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Cheese Preferred

Continued from page 23

matter of a day or even a few hours sometimes makes all the difference between a perfect cheese and a mediocre one.

Go to Roquefort some time. Visit the caves where this famous cheese is ripened; where the temperature never varies below 60° Fahrenheit; where gentle, moist drafts blow continuously; where expert "cave men," connoisseurs to their finger-tips, tend the young cheeses as tenderly as though they were new-born infants; where—but, perhaps, before you investigate the caves, you'd like to step out on the palisades and see the first stages of Roquefort—great, woolly flocks of sheep covering the rocky slopes like snow wherever an emerald patch of carpet has spread itself. The grass these pampered sheep graze upon is fragrant with such herbs as grow only in the rockiest places; and hence their milk (each sheep yields only a pint a day) has an aromatic content which helps to impart to Roquefort its characteristic flavor.

Tended by "Cave Men"

The first processes of the cheese-making, after the milk is drawn, are to heat it lukewarm, leave it to cool during the night, and in the morning add a compound of organic matter from the sheep's stomach—the rennet. So far this might be *any* cheese, but now comes the process that distinguishes Roquefort. Had the peasant who discovered Roquefort left only his cheese in the cave, he would not have found, on his return, that inimitable new variety of cheese. But, you will remember, he left his bread with it. It was the action of the bread crumbs on the cheese that produced the green mold which runs like a marble veining through Roquefort. Hence, over the cheese which now lies in its round, baked-clay molds must be sprinkled specially prepared bread crumbs, the most important operation in the manufacture of Roquefort.

The cheese is then carried into the caves, where, in about two weeks, it grows a becoming white beard which the ministering "cave men" carefully scrape off, week after week, until, discouraged, it ceases (after about six weeks) to grow. By this time the bacteria of true Roquefort (induced by the presence of the bread crumbs) have had a chance to develop and, once started, they crowd out all other growths. As soon as the "cave men" see this mold appearing they cease shaving the beards of the cheeses and get to work with a machine consisting of many fine needles, with which they pierce the cheeses through and through, in order to encourage the famous "bacterium pencillium" to penetrate to the very heart of the cheese, marbleizing its oyster-white bulk with green. This beneficent decomposition is allowed to continue anywhere from one month (for those who like a mild Roquefort) to five months for those who like their cheeses strong.

This is Roquefort—the king of cheeses, the inimitable. There are other cheeses *like* it which some, even among connoisseurs, prefer. . . . There are the Gorgonzola fans (chiefly among the Italians, for this is Italy's attempt at Roquefort) and Stilton devotees—largely among the English, for this is the English cousin of Roquefort.

If you really want to see the honoring of cheese, you must go to Paris where the Café Riche was so long famous for its delicious cheese novelties and especially its marvelous cheese tartlets, where every restaurant worthy of its name has a cheese cellar as surely as it has a wine cellar; where a chef would be as lost without cheese as without eggs; where cheese creeps into the repast at every turn—just as does a glass of wine. Or go to England where this sort of thing takes place:

At a certain inn, called "The Fish Ordinary" in Bird-in-the-Hand Court, frequented not, as you might imagine from what is to follow, by quaintly garbed Pickwickians, but by business men right off the streets of London, stands a gigantic horseshoe table, the only unusual thing about which is that the gentleman in a suit of irreproachable Bond Street cut at the head of the table wears a heavy silver chain around his neck, the insignia of his rank as president of this lunch club.

Nothing really out of the ordinary happens (except that every course is fish or is served with fish) until the meal is about over, when a waiter appears bearing on a platter a large—a huge—a mammoth yellow cheese, and sets it down before the gentleman with the silver chain, who cuts a slice for each guest. Then waiters pass the cheese and with it little cards bearing the words:

Height of cheese . . . . inches
Girth of cheese . . . . inches
Weight of cheese . . . pounds

And now the game begins. Everyone gazes judiciously at the cheese (which now, of course, is a different size and shape and weight from what it has ever been before), measuring and weighing it mentally, squinting, calculating, figuring on the backs of cards, heads now on this side, now on that, pencils tapping, and finally, in a burst of assurance, writing down their guesses and signing their names. Now the cards are collected and laid before the president. Then, with a dignity and solemnity which could only be achieved by the English, the president receives from the waiter a measure, takes the girth and height of the cheese, with the aid of the waiter slips it onto the scales and then announces, with as much solemnity as though it were a new stock issue, the exact amounts.

Ye Olde Cheshire Cheese

If anyone has guessed all three figures correctly—the height and girth to within an eighth of an inch and the weight to within an ounce—something extraordinary *does* happen. Mine host treats the entire assembly to champagne and cigars. But mine host is taking small chances. This custom has been going on for about two centuries in this same picturesque inn, and all these figures have been correctly guessed only a few times—and it is now seven or eight years since the last time it happened.

And there's another inn in London whose fame rests chiefly upon a cheese dish and the visitations of the great Samuel Johnson. The inn itself, over two hundred years old, is named for a cheese—the famous cheese of Cheshire. "Ye Olde Cheshire Cheese" it is still called, or, familiarly, by its habitués, simply "The Cheese."

Stilton—there's an aristocrat! Imitation of Roquefort that it is, it, too, has succeeded in being inimitable. Nowhere can Stilton be made but in Leicestershire and Rutland, England. It is the most expensive of cheeses—$1.25 a pound—with a piquant flavor like nothing else on earth. Many true connoisseurs put their Stilton in a crock of port wine and let it soak the wine up—but the truest connoisseurs of all, they say, wouldn't think of contaminating their Stilton with port.

And Edam! Stilton may be expensive, Roquefort may be historic, but Edam is picturesque. You know it in the shops—round, red cannon balls from which the top must be cut, prettily scalloping it, with a special Edam knife, and which should, if you're going to be technical about these things, be served with a silver scoop.

Red and Yellow Cannon Balls

Now suppose you are cruising through the canals of Holland, say in the neighborhood of Thaarken and Vollendam. Suddenly you come upon the little town of Edam, its grassy banks dipping their toes in the canal, and on this vivid green carpet lie, as though Edam were expecting a siege, hundreds upon hundreds of red and yellow cannon balls. But if you dare land at the belligerent port, bristling with ammunition, you'll find only a quiet little village of forty or so houses, which nevertheless has made its name a household word throughout the world. Enter one of these peasant homes and you'll find the guest-room reserved for the family cow.

Not all the milk for Edam cheese comes from these forty homes. The world demands more Edam than that. Everywhere throughout Holland one sees heads of those most lavish of milk-givers, the Holsteins. The milkers are usually father and daughter, who frequently travel miles along the canals in their little boat to reach their herds, but industrious souls, they are not idle all this time, for they thoughtfully take with them a huge tub and plenty of rennet, and on the way home, right there on the canal, they make their cheese. The curd, from which they have extracted all the whey, is then given over to the dairy. When finished the cheeses are rubbed with oil and laid away in the curing-room for four or five weeks, during the last seven days of which they are rubbed with new beer for the sole purpose of giving their flaming color a more vivid tone.

And now it is time to sell our Edam—and that is the most picturesque part of all, for out of their mere money-getting the Dutch can make a carnival.

Go to Alkmaar where cheeses are auctioned every Friday. On Thursday one would think all roads (and canals) led to Alkmaar, for wagons and boats laden with carnival cannon balls are drawing into the town, each cheese-seller unloading on the spot allotted him. All through the night they pour in, clattering on the cobblestones, and that night no one thinks of sleeping but only of singing and dancing and walking about. Early in the morning they begin laying out their cheeses, spreading them on huge canvases with little narrow passageways between.

At ten o'clock sharp the auction starts. The scales in the picturesque old weigh-house, over three centuries old, are got ready, covers are whisked off the cheeses, and a veritable field of cloth-of-gold appears. Then (can you believe this?) to the strains of the wedding march from Lohengrin (I'm not making it up) played on a wonderful old carillon, the while the mechanical figures of horsemen in the weigh-house tower move rhythmically, the bidding begins.

But in spite of all that millions of dollars pour into Holland in exchange for its Edam cheeses; 125,000 little Edams are often sold in a single day.

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Careless Love

Continued from page 13

the breeze from the river cooled him. He reviewed the situation. Christeen had tried to lie him off to Arkansas. And when she failed, Bulger had set about to abuse him off. They wanted him in Arkansas, which, of course, would not only leave his cotton field open to Bulger's possession, but it would divorce him from Christeen so she and Bulger could get married.

"Ef'n hit was jest gittin' shut er dat Christeen," he grumbled, "hit'd be worth goin' to Arkansas fawty times. But I ain't gonter give nobody de best cotton crop on de place." He drew his plug of tobacco from his pocket and started to bite off a chew. But an ache in his jaw stopped him.

The cotton wouldn't be ready for picking and sale for more than a month yet, and his jaw was aching in the immediate present. The thought came to him, instinctively, that Arkansas might be a relief both from Bulger and Christeen. "But dat's a powerful good crop er cotton," he added.

FURTHER worry was halted by the arrival of the steamboat. It came around the bend suddenly and pulled in at the woodpile. The mud clerk scaled the wood, and without preliminaries the roustabouts began toting it on board. Luther ambled down and the chief clerk called him into the office.

"We scaled about six cords," he said. "Eighteen dollars." He handed Luther the money in bills.

"Y'all ain't goin' up in Arkansas, is you?" he asked.

"Just been," the clerk said. "Going to New Orleans, now. Better ride down. The mate is short a couple of rousters and he'll haul you for nothing. And you can have an awful lot of fun down there with that eighteen dollars."

Luther grinned. "Naw, suh," he said. "I sort er counted on goin' to Arkansas, maybe."

"We'll be back a week from Tuesday," the clerk said. "The captain is taking only part of your wood this trip, and I guess we'll pick up the rest on the up-trip. You can catch us then."

Luther wandered ashore and back to his cabin. The rousters loaded part of the wood, and the boat pulled out.

"Maybe I *could* have a heap er fun in N' Awlins wid dis eighteen dollars," Luther suddenly decided. "But," he added, "de boat is long gone."

Dark hurriedly followed sunset and Christeen had not come home. "Maybe, now, a man might git some fun in N' Awlins," Luther repeated. "Maybe de 'scursion train gonter run, too. I been layin' off to make dat 'scursion trip—"

He got up, suddenly, and started walking. He walked the nine miles to Columbia that night, and had several hours in which to sleep in the depot before the early morning train, with special rates for Sunday and special cars for Negroes, came in.

"Round trip," the agent told him, "and you can't spend your ticket back home. Now hang on to it when the conductor gives it back to you."

Luther enjoyed every mile of the ride to New Orleans. And New Orleans he found even grander than the train. Luther gorged his joy-hungry soul all the way from Rampart Street to Claiborne Avenue, and back again.

And there was something stronger than lemonade with sugar in it to drink, too, a very friendly, well-dressed man who liked Luther immensely, showed him. They went into a place where there were tables, and men and women drinking and talking and carrying on, and they had a drink. The first swallow felt like Bulger's fist, but after Luther got it down it was fine. A few more drinks, and he got very comfortable. Then he got sleepy.

It was morning when he woke up. He was crouched down behind a barrel in a very dirty alley. His head ached and his tongue was thick.

"Da-a-ag!" he groaned. "Vg-g-gh!"

He stood up and tried to orient himself. "Somethin' must er happened which I don't remember about," he decided.

HE FELT through his pockets. They were empty, save for his return ticket. "Maybe dis'll git me back home," he decided, and he wandered about, asking questions, until he finally came to the depot. But a red-capped man only laughed at him. "Yo' train left at midnight," he said. "You might as well th'ow dat 'scursion ticket away, cause de 'scursion is long gone. And wawkin' is bad."

He wandered back up Rampart Street. Suddenly, he remembered that he hadn't eaten anything since the afternoon before, and with that consciousness came the strong smell of coffee. Immediately the whole world seemed to be filled with coffee stalls.

He tried for a long time to figure how a man without any money and among strangers could get a cup of coffee. Finally, desperate, he went into one of the numerous small lunch stands which was presided over by a motherly looking old woman.

"Lady," he began, meekly, "will you please—?"

The woman looked at him suspiciously. "Lemme see de inside er yo' hands," she said, roughly.

Luther displayed his work-gnarled palms.

"Country nigger, hunh?" the woman hazarded. "Comed down on de 'scursion and got drunked, I bet. On Saratoga Street. Well, I ain't gonter see no fool starve for no nickel's worth er coffee and sinkers."

WHILE Luther gulped the strong, hot coffee, and munched lightly at the soggy roll, the old woman drew out his story.

"Don't take and let dat no-good git yo' woman and yo' cotton, too," she decided. "Let him git de woman, 'cause Gawd ain't gonter bless a woman which'll two-time on her husband. But don't let him git dat cotton. What you got to do is, you got to git home before he gits dat cotton."

"Hit's a fur piece to wawk," Luther suggested.

"Git you a job workin'," the woman told him. "Save yo' wages, and ride back like you rid away. Hit's a heap er work goin' on, down at de river, I hyars. Dey's payin' fawty cents a hour for totin' rice, down at Bienville Street."

Following her detailed directions, Luther found his way to the Bienville Street wharf. There was lots of work being done, too. Long streams of Negroes, each carrying a sack of rice, marched on and off the steamboats and barges that were tied up. He watched them for a few minutes, trying to decide which line he should join, and as he watched he unconsciously reached to his hip pocket for his chewing tobacco. The tobacco was gone, too!

Immediately, he recalled that he hadn't had a chew of tobacco since the afternoon before, and that that was an awful long time for a man to be without a chew.

"Well, don't dat beat de jukes!" he exclaimed. "Hyar I was about to git a job workin', and how a man gonter work when he ain't got nothin' to chew on?"

He looked about. Under the shed was a lunch stand where sandwiches and soda pop were being sold. And chewing tobacco! Luther saw the square, flat box, tilted at one end of the counter. He hurried over.

"I want some er dat Star, Cap'm," Luther said, meekly, "but I ain't got no money—"

The man looked at Luther. "You workin'?" he demanded.

"Not yit," Luther admitted.

"Well, take a walk," the man said. "It takes money to buy stuff here."

Luther returned to the wharf, and sat down upon a barrel. Never in his life had he wanted a chew of tobacco so badly! He looked at the long lines of workmen earning forty cents an hour—money that he needed to get back home on—but his tongue searched the tobaccoless caverns of his mouth.

Presently a gruff-looking white man came up. "Want to work, boy?" he asked. "Paying forty cents for toting rice."

"Yassuh," Luther said. "I wants to work, powerful bad. But—"

"But what?" demanded the man. "Too lazy, hunh?"

"Now, suh, Cap'm," protested Luther.

(*Continued on page 44*)

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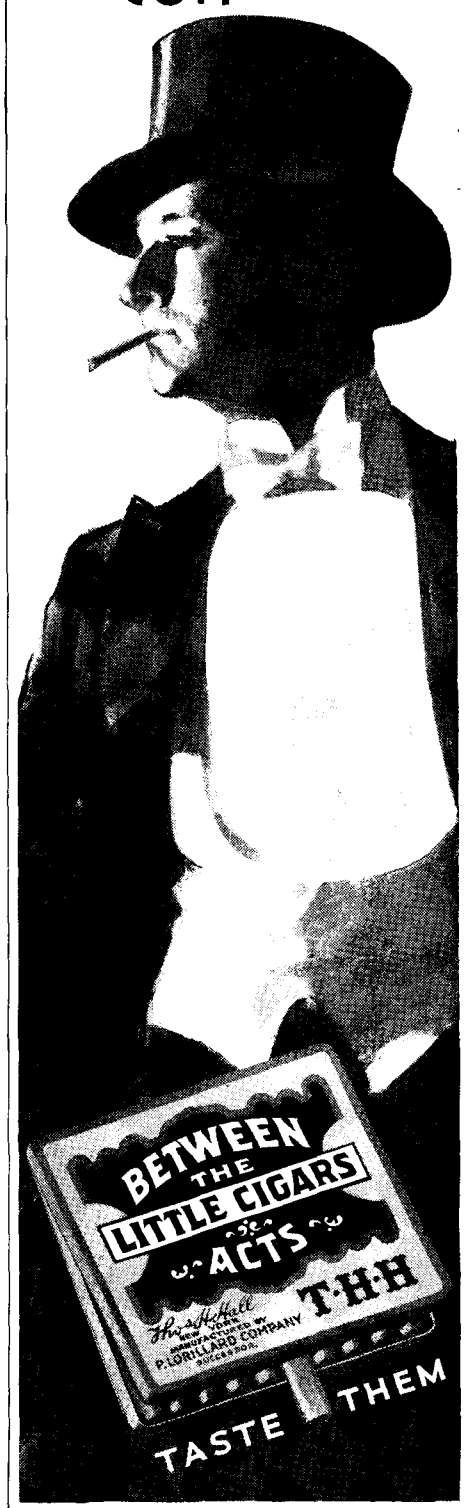

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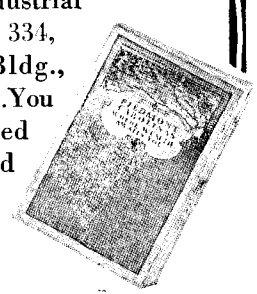

DUKE POWER COMPANY

SOUTHERN PUBLIC UTILITIES COMPANY AND OTHER ALLIED INTERESTS

(*Continued from page 43*)

"I'm in a swivit. I ain't got no chewin' tobacco, and de man over yonder won't sell me none onless I pays money for hit. And I ain't got no money and can't git none to I goes to work. And I jest got my mind so sot on chewin' tobacco dat I can't git hit sot on goin' to work."

The man laughed. "Let me see your hands," he said, and Luther displayed again his work-marked palms.

"Take this dime," the white man said, "and get you a chew. Then come back and give me your name."

For five days Luther worked constantly. Payday was Saturday noon, but with a steady job the woman who had given him coffee extended credit to the extent of food and lodging and a dime a day for a small piece of tobacco. When payday came, he had money enough to ride the steamboat home.

He hadn't done a great deal of thinking during the time. He was too busy toting rice during the day, and sleeping at nights, to worry about what he would do with Christeen and Bulger and his cotton crop. But occasionally, just before he dropped off to sleep, the old woman's welcome advice to "git back and don't let him git yo' cotton" rang in his ears.

The first day and night on the steamboat were uneventful. But soon after they passed Baton Rouge, Luther suddenly discovered that his plug of tobacco was almost gone. He hoarded the last chew the second day, and as late into the night as he could stand it. The next day he tried "borrowing" a chew from some of the rousters, but none of them, it seemed, chewed. They would give him a smoke. But Luther wanted a chew. They suggested that he try to buy some chewing at the bar, on the boiler deck.

"We quit carrying chewing," the barkeeper said. "Nobody buys it any more. How about a smoke?"

Luther told him he didn't smoke.

"Try one of these cigars," the bartender suggested. "They ought to be fair chewing; they're no good as a smoke."

Luther purchased a cigar for five cents, and proceeded to chew it. It wasn't so very good, at first, and it rapidly got worse and worse. For a quarter of an hour he worked on it, and finally gave up.

"I'm de biggest fool I ever seed," Luther admitted to himself. "I c'd a buyed me a whole plug wid my money before I left N' Awlins. Or, ef'n I had jest stayed at home, I c'd a been chawin' on dat plug on my mantelpiece, right now. But now, I got to go to N' Awlins to git some fun. I got to git sick, I got to git hongry, I got to work totin' rice like a mule, I got to lose my eighteen dollars I made cuttin' wood, I got to maybe lose my cotton crop, and maybe not git shut er Christeen. All 'cause I ain't got no brains in my haid."

SHORTLY after he got rid of his cigar, he began feeling dizzy. He sat down on deck. Then he lay down. There was an unsteadiness of the boat that worried him. And presently he became nauseated.

The boat left the Mississippi River for Old, and Luther thought he would die. Through the brief run from Old River through Red he did not care much whether he died or not. But when the boat stuck its nose into Black River he began feeling better. He knew Black River, and it wouldn't be long, now, before he was home.

"I got mighty nigh a whole plug er chewin' settin' right back on my mantelpiece," he told everyone who would listen. "Mighty nigh a whole plug. I bought hit at de store, a week ago Sadday, and jest cut off a little piece to tote in my pocket."

When the boat rounded into the landing at Luther's woodpile, Luther did not wait for the stage to be lowered. As soon as it came within jumping distance of the bank, Luther jumped. He ran up the bank, and toward his house. But he stopped before he got there. For on the porch, as domestic as could be, sat Christeen and Bulger!

"Dat nigger done moved in on me," he exclaimed.

But that worried him only for an instant. In his mind, registering much more forcibly than the sight of Christeen and Bulger, was a long, thick, black plug of chewing tobacco that rested inside the house where he had left it. He hurried on.

He saw Christeen say something to Bulger, and then both of them got up and went inside, shutting the door behind them. Luther went to the door and tried it. Christeen had latched it from the inside.

"Open dat door, fool!" he yelled. "Open dat door and—"

"Go on away f'm hyar," Bulger's voice warned. "We done divo'ced you, son. You don't live hyar no more."

"Open dat door," repeated Luther.

"We ain't huntin' no trouble, Luther," Bulger began again. But Luther didn't hear. He stepped off the porch to the little woodpile and got the ax. A few vigorous blows battered the door down, and he rushed inside with the ax in his hand and a wild look in his eye.

He ran to the mantelpiece, grabbed his precious plug of tobacco, and took a generous chew.

THE rush of flavor through his mouth and around his tongue soothed him mightily, and he looked about the room.

Christeen was in a corner, whimpering like a scared child, and Bulger was on his knees in the middle of the floor.

"Don't hit me wid dat ax, son," he begged. "*Mister* Luther, please, suh! I wa'n't aimin' to take yo' woman. You jest quit her and went up and divo'ced her in Arkansas—"

Luther gathered that he was in complete control of the situation. "You snake-in-de-grassin' no-good," he roared, indignantly, "you tuck my woman, and den you hit me two times on de jaw! I ain't been to Arkansas, and dat ain't all. I ain't gonter go to Arkansas. I'm stayin' right hyar in dis house, and I'm gonter pick my crop. And when I git dat done, I'm gonter fool around to time to plant me another crop."

Christeen became bewildered. "But, Luther," she protested, "I and Bulger done got married at de commissary, and us is livin' hyar—"

"Yeah?" Luther was sarcastic. "And I and you got married at de cou'thouse, and *us* is livin' hyar, too. And de cou't-house marryin' is got more stuff dan de commissary marryin'."

"But us can't live hyar in shame," protested Christeen. "I thought you had done gone to Arkansas, and dat's how come I divo'ced you and married wid Bulger. Now I got two husbands, and dat's a shame. De women gonter shame me all over ev'ything."

"Dey sho' gonter," agreed Luther, "and I don't keer."

Suddenly Bulger came to life. "But ef'n I and Christeen," he suggested, "went off up in Arkansas and got married, well, dat'd divo'ce us f'm you, and you c'd live hyar and I and her c'd live anywheres we wants to, and den, wouldn't nobody be shamed."

LUTHER and Christeen both marveled at the simplicity of Bulger's reasoning. "You got brains in yo' haid, son," Luther admitted. "More gooden dan me. You and Christeen go off up in Arkansas and git divo'ced away f'm me. I'd a thought about dat myse'f, only I ain't got no brains in my haid."

"You's awright, Luther," consoled Bulger. "Only you's too little to git in no fights. I sorry I hit you dem two times on de jaw."

Luther overflowed with generosity. He reached behind him to the mantelpiece and tore down the marriage license and doctor's health certificate. "Hyar," he said. "Y'all kin have my doctor paper and cou'thouse licenses. 'Cause I ain't never gonter git messed up wid no more law marryin's."

"Good ole Luther!" Christeen exclaimed fondly. "You wa'n't much of a husband for a gal like me, but you's plum awright!"

"Well," counseled Luther, "let's don't stand hyar and argy about how good I'm is. Y'all better git yo' bundles and git. De boat gonter pull out for Arkansas quick as dey gits dat wood loaded. And de cap'm needs a rouster."

He watched Christeen and Bulger with paternal fondness while they collected their personal belongings and put them into bundles. He saw Christeen take from a box her wedding dress and look at it longingly.

"You kin take dat dress, Christeen," Luther told her, generously. "I give you dat dress, jest to he'p out my ole friend Bulger. And besides, hit won't be big enough for Della."

"Operator, will you please return my nickel and charge the call to my husband's office?"

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The King wasn't so Crazy

Continued from page 17

say, to the eye. He is nervous because, after a day spent in being trampled on by crowds and deafened by riveting machines, he has just been robbed by a ticket speculator and then driven through a mile of squawking and hysterically congested traffic, to arrive at the play (twenty minutes late) an exhausted and jangled wreck of the fine, calm man he used to be.

You will hear it said that, once seated, he then carries on a running fire of nitwit comment on the play because, after all, he grew up in the motion-picture era, and learned his manners in playhouses where only shadows of actors performed before him, shadows whose feelings need not be considered, silent shadows in whose presence he might rattle on without the uneasy consciousness that he was interrupting someone. Indeed, it is the current theory in the theater that the latter-day audience learned its uncouth manners at the movies.

The Mystery of Acoustics

There is, I think, a flaw in this theory. It presupposes that the average playgoer knows now, or once knew, that his patter of conversation is audible not only to restive and glaring neighbors in his vicinity but to the actors on the stage as well. I doubt if one playgoer in a thousand ever suspects that. Yet it is the very crux of the question.

It is all part of the mystery called acoustics. As a mere layman I am driven to the conclusion that acoustics *are* a mystery, even to architects, else surely they would not so often build theaters seemingly designed to afford the public every imaginable comfort and convenience except the comfort and convenience of hearing what is said on the stage. Costly sites are cleared, beautiful marble is quarried and carried halfway across the world, a very sorcerer of lighting is installed on the premises, historic châteaux are rifled for tapestries to adorn the new temple's walls. Painters, plasterers, decorators, work overtime for the grand opening.

The great night comes. The snail-paced queue of limousines deposits the world and his wife in the lobby. The house lights go down. The curtain rises. The play begins. And then—only then—does the impresario discover one little defect in his enterprise, the small, incalculable circumstance that the audience cannot hear what is being said on the stage. Something unforeseen is the matter with the acoustics.

Follows then a great furrowing of brows and consulting of oracles. Sometimes they hang velvet curtains to deaden the echo, and build in resonance walls to pick up the lost words of the actors. Other managers just sit down and wait, confident that time and a nice coat of dust will somehow strangely correct the defect in the new theater.

But even time and dust will not alter one ironic factor in the mystery of acoustics. No architect, living or dead, has yet constructed a theater of which the acoustics are as good for the audience as they are for the actors. To you, sitting out front—sitting perhaps in K-9, which the more incurable wags of Broadway always call the dog seat—words spoken on the stage may become befogged, fragmentary, intermittent. But to the actor up there on the stage every syllable of the tiniest whisper in the uttermost reaches of the auditorium is as audible as a pistol shot.

If this simple fact could somehow be injected into the mind of the average playgoer, if he could get it into his head that his slightest murmur is clarion-clear to the actors playing the scene, he might usher in the millennium by keeping his mouth shut.

Now and again an actor strikes back. Recently, while giving her new comedy, called Jenny, in Boston, the lovely Jane Cowl brought down the curtain (and subsequently the house) as a protest against one little knot of magpie playgoers. She said she would leave it down until they were finished, rather than interrupt them with her own poor efforts from the stage. No gesture of hers ever elicited so much applause.

In such a display of gumption Miss Cowl was following a noble tradition, with forerunners like Mrs. Fiske and Richard Mansfield to give her courage. It is, of course, always the best actors who are the most troubled by the noisy playgoers. A stolid and phlegmatic player would not be distressed by them, but then you would not want to see a stolid and phlegmatic player in Hamlet, although you may have experienced occasions when you had no choice.

In our own time no actor has been less stolid and phlegmatic than John Barrymore, who used to enter upon every performance as high-strung and as sensitive as a race horse. He has hurled massive goblets at actors who whispered in the wings, has provided annoying stage hands with abundant material for charges of simple assault, and, now and again, has picked up a minor actor by the scruff of the neck, and, as a form of dramatic criticism, flung him down a flight of stairs.

You may be sure that such a fellow, while he was still in the theater, found frequent occasions to do battle with someone on the other side of the footlights. In the midst of the most strenuous love scene he had been known to pause and, while still holding the leading lady in his envied clutch, confide to her in a whisper audible for ten or fifteen rows his dark suspicion that some peculiarly asthmatic playgoer out front was not of legitimate birth. And once, in Redemption, when, as Tolstoy's hero, in the final scene, he had duly shot himself and reached the floor by a parabolic fall, he could be heard murmuring, not merely as Tolstoy had meant him to, that he was glad to die, but, on this occasion, adding the further interesting detail that he was "glad to leave a world full of barking seals."

The Noise to End Noise

Until the theater managers make some concerted effort to protect the rest of us from such nuisances I do not know what we can do about it, except stay away from the theater entirely—a course which many playgoers seem to be trying. I have sometimes thought it might be a good idea to turn suddenly on one of the offenders and strike him (or, more probably, her) smartly on the mouth with my fist. But, in addition to all the obvious disadvantages of such a procedure, there is always the special disadvantage that it makes even more disturbance than the original offense. That is the plight of all of us who would fain enlist in the noise to end noise.

Having myself sat nightly in a veritable bevy of barking seals, I sympathize with the Barrymores of our time, and sympathize, too, with the late Ludwig of Bavaria. For there be times when I could wish that poor, mad Mr. Woollcott might have a theater with only one seat in it. Of course, for some plays, such a theater could handle the nightly trade without undue strain.

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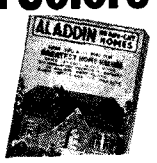

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The Lion and the Lamb

Continued from page 21

He stood peering intently into the carpet of gloom. To have used his electric torch would have helped him little, and would have invited trouble. Trusting instead to his hearing, which was remarkably acute, more than once it struck him that he heard a faint, stealthy movement as of someone dragging himself along the floor. He crept farther and farther towards the opposite wall, and peered down the long line of windows. Almost instantly he realized that one near the bottom end was being softly opened. With the slow upraising of the sash, he began to hear faintly the sounds of the traffic in Holborn.

He stole a little lower down. The darkness was still almost impenetrable, but there was a slightly grayer shade about the window he suspected. He watched, almost holding his breath. Presently gray became black, still leaving chinks of the lighter color. Then loomed into sight the outline of a human form trying to get through the window.

David drew his automatic, and hesitated. Even at his present range, a touch upon the trigger might spell death. Then he thought of the two men in the office behind, and he hesitated no longer. The report sounded like the discharge of a cannon under the narrow, vaulted roof. He pulled the trigger once again, and dropped on to his stomach. A stab of flame flashed through the gloom. Spit came the bullets upon the wall behind him—two, three—four. He let out a cry of agony as though wounded. There was a chuckle from below, the disappearance of the dark mass of obscurity, and then silence.

David leaped to his feet, and crossed to the outside door. He was in the alley within a dozen seconds, but the place was empty. He sped down it, passing the open window, hastening towards the main thoroughfare. The man whom he was stalking had passed out amongst the multitude. He hesitated upon the pavement wondering which way to turn. . . . A heavy hand descended upon his shoulder. A sergeant of police was standing by his side with a constable in reserve. The former's tone was moderately polite, but firm, and his right hand continued to rest upon David's shoulder.

"May I ask what you are doing out in this street, sir, with an automatic pistol—which has apparently," the man added, stooping down and sniffing "been recently discharged?"

"Chasing a murderer," was the grim reply. "He must have been within a foot of you."

THE three men, David closely escorted in the middle, started up the alley. Almost immediately, they were overtaken by a small man in plain clothes, whom the sergeant saluted respectfully.

"What's wrong, Sergeant?" the newcomer asked.

"We just saw this gentleman hurrying down the alley, with the gun in his hand which Cookton is carrying, sir," the sergeant replied. "Two barrels had been discharged recently. According to him, there's been some trouble at Abbs's Gymnasium."

"Abbs's Gymnasium?" the other repeated. "Surely that doesn't keep open till this time of the night?"

"Not in an ordinary way," David explained. "The place happens to belong to me. My manager was there late—had some business with a friend. I got a telephone message that something was wrong, and I hurried down."

"And your name, sir?"

"David Newberry—Lord Newberry, to be precise. 17a John Street, my address."

"I am Detective Inspector Milsom of Scotland Yard," the man in plain clothes confided. "I thought I heard some shooting, and I slipped out of my taxi to see what was going on. The sergeant says that he has an automatic of yours of which two barrels have been recently discharged."

David nodded.

"I don't know exactly how the law looks at these things," he admitted, "but after having seen the bodies of two men who had been brutally murdered, I had two or three shots at a man I couldn't possibly have captured, getting out of a window. He had three or four back at me. You'll be able to see the marks in the wall."

The detective made no comment. Under the light of the electric standard, he disclosed himself as a small, sandy-haired man, with a freckled complexion, and turned-up nose, very unimposing in his plain business suit of dark gray. They paused outside the academy. David opened the door with his latchkey, led the way to the office, and turned on the light. The three men gave vent to a simultaneous exclamation of horror.

"THIS is what I saw when I arrived about a quarter of an hour ago," David confided.

"You haven't disturbed anything in the office, sir?"

"Not a thing."

The detective turned to his two companions.

"Constable," he directed, "telephone to Holborn Police Station for our own doctor and ambulances. Now, if you don't mind, sir," he added, turning to David, "I should like to hear your story."

"I'm afraid there isn't much that I can tell you," David said. "I bought this gymnasium, as I have just told you, some weeks ago, from Abbs, the former proprietor, and poor Sam West there, the heavier of the two men, was my manager. Just as I was going to bed tonight, the telephone bell rang. West spoke to me in great agitation, and gave me to understand that there was trouble here. I jumped into a taxi, and hurried down. The door was locked, as usual, and there was no sign of any disturbance when I arrived."

The detective took the automatic which the sergeant was still carrying, and glanced at it thoughtfully.

"This is your property, sir, is it not?"

"Certainly," David acknowledged. "At the same time, you will find that one of these men was killed by a terrible blow from a jimmy, and the other stabbed with a knife. I will explain why I was carrying the pistol when I met the sergeant. It seemed to me that whoever had done this must have come in by one of the windows down towards the end of the corridor there. I made my way in that direction. If you will come with me, I should like to show you exactly where I stood."

DAVID led them to the place where he had crouched against the wall, and pointed to the opposite window.

"I got just about as far as here," he went on, "when I fancied I heard a little shuffling, as though someone were hiding. I was just going to call out when a man sprang onto the windowsill here. I could never have caught him, so I fired at him. He was halfway through the window at the time, but he stopped long enough to have three or four shots at me. You can see the marks on the wall here. He disappeared then, and I followed him down the alley, letting myself out by the front door. He was out of sight, however, before I could even leave the place."

"Too dark for you to be able to identify him, I suppose?" the sergeant inquired.

"Absolutely," David regretted. "I could see nothing but a shape."

"Let's have a look at the window," the detective suggested.

They crossed the room. The window was still open, and the chair upon which the escaped man had mounted underneath it.

"I should like everything left just as it is down here," Milsom begged. "Have you any idea whether you hit the man or not, sir?"

"Impossible to say. I thought he disappeared rather suddenly, but when I got to the front door the alley was empty."

"Well, you hit him all right," the detective confided dryly. "There's blood on the sill here, and some in the alley.

"That's right, Mrs. Jones, come on down, we need a fourth hand at bridge"

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Furthermore, as it happens, I saw him running down towards the street. He was staggering like a man who is in pain. By the time I had stopped my taxi and got out he had disappeared."

There was a brief pause. The sergeant, who had taken copious notes, put away his book.

"We might have another look at the office," the detective proposed, leading the way.

They arrived there simultaneously with the appearance of the doctor, with whom Milsom shook hands.

"A bad business here, I am afraid," he remarked gravely as he threw open the door. "Keep outside, please," he added, waving back the sergeant and David. "We shan't be a minute."

The first examination of the bodies was grim but brief.

"A big job for one man," the detective reflected, as he brushed the dust from the knees of his trousers. "I should think there must have been two or three in it. You know who these two men are, I suppose?" he inquired, turning to David. "One I think you said was your manager."

David nodded.

"Sam West—and the smaller one's name is Ebben."

"And your own name once more, sir, please?"

"David Newberry."

The detective moistened the point of the pencil which he had taken out of his notebook.

"David Newberry," he repeated reflectively.

"You ought to remember it. You arrived at Frankley Place, didn't you, just when the fun was on one night about twelve months ago? You saw me taken off to hospital, and you were in court when I was tried."

"Ah, yes, of course," the detective murmured, a little startled by the other's insouciance. "Someone told me that you'd come into a property or something of the sort. Rather a pity to get mixed up in an affair like this."

David raised his eyebrows.

"I'm not mixed up in it," he declared, "except that Sam West was my foreman here."

"WHAT made you buy the gymnasium?"

"I may have to answer that question later on," was the cold reply. "At present I can't see that it's anyone's business but my own."

"Quite right," the other approved. "It was merely a friendly question, sir—or rather, my lord, isn't it?"

"I'm forgetting that whenever I can," David observed curtly. "I should be glad if you'd do the same."

"Certainly, if you wish it. So the position is this: You're the owner of this establishment. Sam West is your manager. He rings you up—well, somewhere about midnight, it must have been. You don't remember exactly what he said, I suppose?"

"I do not. I simply understood that there were burglars in the place, and that he was being maltreated. Then his voice died away, and I gathered that he'd been attacked. I jumped into a taxi, and came right along."

"Good! We've got the whole story now. Queer that you should have known the name of the other man."

"It's not queer at all," David contradicted. "He's one of the band of criminals I more or less belonged to until the Frankley Place affair."

"What do you suppose he was doing with your foreman here at that hour of the night? Looks like some sort of a secret conference, doesn't it?"

"No idea."

The detective thrust the tiny notebook in which he had been writing into his waistcoat pocket.

"Really no need for me to bother you with these questions," he apologized. "Simply a matter of curiosity, after all. We may have to ask you for a little further information later on—something that will help us to get at the motive for a brutal affair like this. We needn't detain you any longer, Lord Newberry. By the bye, didn't you say that you lived in John Street?"

"Number 17a."

The detective stroked his chin.

"Strange thing," he confided. "There's been a little trouble up that way tonight. A man found with a broken neck in either the area of your house or the next one. You wouldn't know anything about that, I suppose, sir?"

"Not a thing," David replied coolly. "I don't look down areas. Good night, Inspector. You'll find me at home most afternoons and evenings if you want a chat at any time. I shall be here tomorrow morning to appoint someone to succeed poor West."

"We shall find you all right when we want you, I'm sure," Detective Milsom replied pleasantly. "Open the door for his lordship, Constable. Good night, Lord Newberry."

IT WAS quite a family conclave in the lounge of the Ritz before luncheon, a few days later, joined in, to some extent, by Glendower, although his presence was quite accidental. There was Sir Matthew Kendrig and Lady Agatha Kendrig—David's sister and her husband—Lady Anderleyton, his sister-in-law, and Sophy, her daughter. They had been joined by Glendower, who listened a little grimly to Lady Agatha's agitated outpourings.

"I do think that the papers this morning are outrageous," she exclaimed. "The account of the inquest in the Morning Post was perfectly awful—the Morning Post, too, from which you don't expect that sort of thing! It's on every placard along Piccadilly— 'Cross-Examination of Peer in Holborn Inquest.' As if David hadn't brought enough disgrace upon the family without plunging us into this! Everyone is pitying us."

"Well, sympathy's worth having anyhow," Glendower observed, accepting a cocktail from the tray which was just being handed around. "I don't see what they've got to pity any of you for, though. It wasn't your fault that David went off the rails once. There is nothing in this affair to blame him for."

"But did you read the whole of the cross-examination?" Lady Anderleyton put in. "The coroner was most inquisitive. He evidently thought that there was some mysterious reason for David's having bought the gymnasium. Then they tried hard to drag in that other affair, too—the young man who was found with his neck broken in the area of the house in John Street."

"Well, they didn't get much change out of David there," Glendower remarked good-humoredly. "The fellow was a well-known criminal, and he was out on a job of burglary. Two knives and an automatic are a pretty good outfit."

"We must admit, however," Sir Matthew pronounced, "that the whole affair is exceedingly unfortunate. David's own conduct, too, has been, I consider, most blameworthy. He has barricaded himself up in that little house in John Street as though it were a fortress. Not one of the family has seen or been received by him since his—er—return into ordinary life."

Sophy closed her vanity case with a snap and leaned forward. Her manner was bland, and her expression innocent. Nevertheless she had the air of a young woman whose patience has broken down under a severe strain.

(Continued on page 48)

EMBARRASSING MOMENTS

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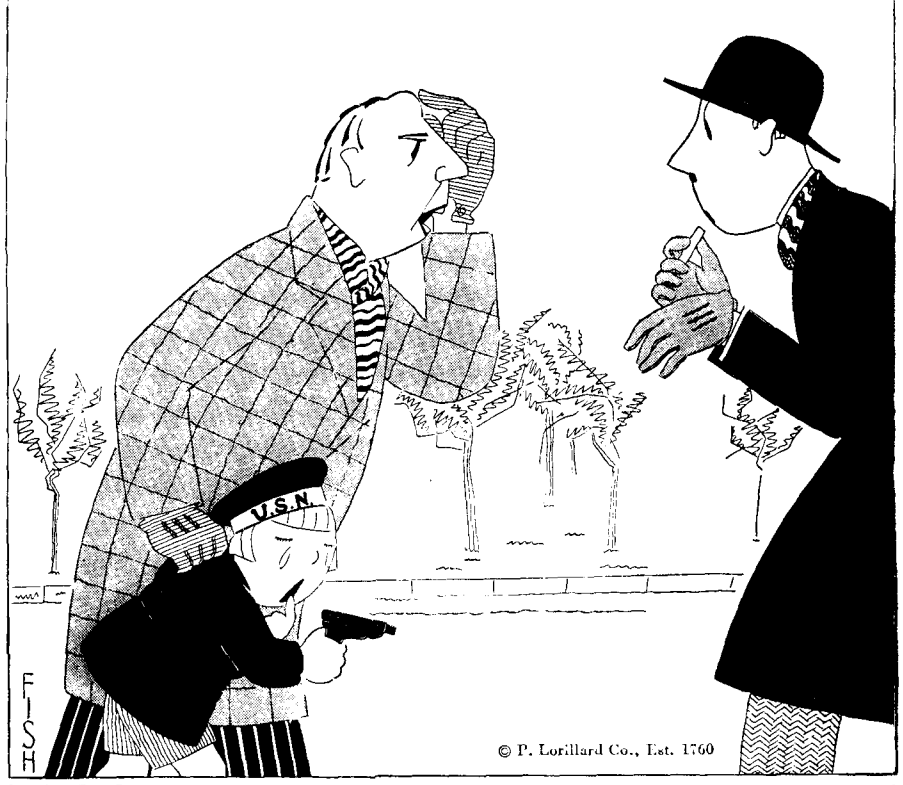
you are asked "Is this your boy?"...

be nonchalant ... LIGHT A MURAD.



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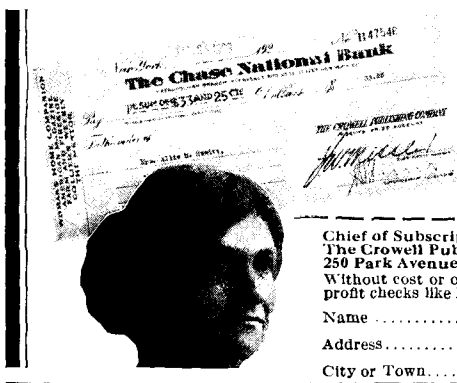

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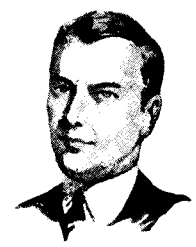
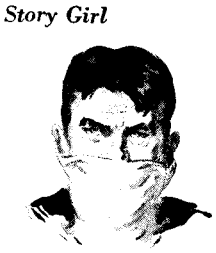


Mr. Editor

The Love Story Girl

Prof. Lucifer G. Butts



More Villainous Villains

MEET THEM ON THE AIR

THESE and other favorite characters step from the pages of Collier's into your living room on Sunday evenings to give you an hour of romance, thrills and humor. Music sets the scene — and famous men and women as guest speakers round out the pleasure of radio's "most original entertainment." Tune in each Sunday evening.

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East

WJZ WLW KDKA WBZ
WHAM WBZA WJR

West

KWK WREN KYW KOA

Far West

KPO KGW KFI
KSL KOMO KHQ

▼

8.15 P. M. Eastern Time
7.15 P. M. Central Time
6.15 P. M. Mountain Time
5.15 P. M. Pacific Time

Collier's Radio Hour

Every Sunday Evening

(*Continued from page 47*)

"Oh, yes, they have, if you reckon me in the family," she announced. "I've seen him. He received me all right—seemed to rather enjoy my visit, as a matter of fact. I think he's a dear."

Sophy instantly became the center of interest.

"Child," her mother gasped, "what are you talking about?"

"I'm just telling you the truth," was the half-defiant reply. "I thought I'd like to see him, so I called. I stayed there an hour and a half, drank China tea and two cocktails and smoked half a dozen cigarettes."

Sir Matthew pulled down his waistcoat.

"Most reprehensible," he declared.

"Sophy, I am thoroughly ashamed of you," her mother exclaimed.

"It is the adventurous spirit of youth," Glendower pronounced. "I, on the other hand, Miss Sophy, take off my hat to you."

"What did he talk about?" Lady Agatha inquired.

"Well, he asked me what sort of a young man Clarence was turning out, for one thing," Sophy confided. "I didn't give him away any more than I could help. Then we talked a good deal about the Virgin's Tear—the blue diamond that was missing from Frankley Place after the burglary."

"My dear Sophy," her mother remonstrated, "couldn't you have avoided that subject?"

"Well, he knew that I was there," the girl protested. "And I couldn't help talking about the fight," she went on, turning to Glendower for sympathy. "The way he tackled those two policemen was simply wonderful."

"Do you mean to say," Lady Agatha asked in horrified accents, "that you stayed and watched? It is the first I have heard of such a disgraceful proceeding."

"Of course I did," Sophy admitted. "I never said anything about it for fear they would want me to give evidence, and I wasn't going to confess that I saw him take the diamond. The funny part of it is, though, that he remembers seeing me there. He remembers my blue pajamas."

"Great heavens!" Lady Agatha exclaimed, rising to her feet. "Here come our friends. Matthew, don't say anything about cocktails. If they want them, we'll have them at the table. I shall scream if I stay here another minute."

"One moment, Lady Anderleyton," the Marquis begged. "I see your friends have two young women with them. Couldn't I borrow Sophy? I've only my nephew lunching with me—Guy Darlington. He had a breakdown on his way up from Camberley, and he won't be here for another twenty minutes."

"Mummie, do let me stay with Lord Glendower," the girl begged. "I wasn't really asked to the Postlethwaites, you know. They only mentioned it at the last moment in case I happened to be with you. Quick! They're coming."

"Certainly, my dear," her mother consented graciously.

"We'll look after her," Glendower promised. "I'll drop her at home on my way to the House of Lords."

"You won't," Sophy whispered in his ear, as the others moved off. "I shall make Guy take me somewhere to dance, unless he's obliged to be back."

The Marquis drew her arm through his.

"Come and sit in this corner with me, my dear," he said. "I want to talk to you."

"I'll sit anywhere with you, and let you hold my hand even, if you'll buy me a box of those gold-tipped cigarettes, and stand me another cocktail. One's my limit with the family."

"Quite enough, too," was the good-humored reply. "We'll exceed our allowance, though, this morning, with pleasure. I rather need bucking up myself. I want to talk to you about David. Do you think you're likely to see him again?"

She looked at him half smiling, half inquiringly, with a distinct twinkle in her eyes.

"Mum's the word," he promised. "I won't peach."

"Then I'm sure I shall."

"Well, you're the only one who seems to have been able to get into touch with him," her companion remarked, as they reached their corner, and he ordered the cocktails. "Perhaps he'll listen to a child like you when he won't listen to his elders. I'm fond of the young rascal, you know, Sophy—always was. I liked him better than either of his brothers, or any of the rest of the family."

"I'm with you there," the girl agreed. "I think he's awfully good-looking, too."

"Better not let your mother hear you talk like that," he warned her, "or you may find your liberty curtailed."

She looked at him with wide-opened blue eyes.

"I could say things to you, Lord Glendower," she confided, "I should never think of saying to Mother."

"Well, David's all right," Glendower admitted, "but what I'm very much afraid of is that he's playing a rash game. I couldn't stand all that tosh that Sir Matthew was talking, but all the same I do think that the police suspect something from the tone of the coroner's examination."

She affected to consider the matter with all the seriousness of an older woman.

"David by himself," she reflected, "against a whole band of gangsters! He couldn't do any good at that, could he?"

"No, but that inquest set me thinking," Glendower persisted. "Why did David buy Abbs's Gymnasium? There are forty or fifty young men training there, taking jiujitsu and boxing lessons."

She laughed softly.

"What a glorious idea!" she exclaimed. "I expect you're right. That's why David has to keep himself shut up."

"That little man who was found with a broken neck in the area was a bit of a mystery," Glendower went on thoughtfully. "There has never been the least explanation of his presence there."

"And don't you remember," the girl pointed out, "David had to admit that the man who was with West when he was murdered was a member of the gang that he had once belonged to? Still, why should they want to murder him?"

"Well, one can't clear up the whole business, of course," Glendower acknowledged. "I don't understand that myself, but I believe I'm on the right track. And further," he went on sternly, "I believe you sympathize with it, you little hussy!"

"Who wouldn't!" she laughed. "I call it an amazingly sporting idea."

Glendower shook his head.

"It won't do, you know, Sophy," he pronounced. "They'll have him for certain if he tries anything of that sort. These professional gangsters have everything in their favor. David will either get into serious trouble—the police don't like people who take the law into their own hands—or they'll get him."

She shivered momentarily, and there was a look of genuine distress in her face.

"How horrible!" she cried. "Can't one do something, Lord Glendower?"

"Well, you seem to be the only person who has access to him at all."

"I don't suppose he'd listen to anything that I said," she sighed. "I don't want anything to happen to him, though. I like him far too much."

"Neither do I want anything to happen to him," her companion agreed, "not only because I like him very much indeed, and believe that he has the right stuff in him, but because I should hate that weedy young nephew of his to succeed. I'm afraid I'm not very fond of your people, Sophy," he added, patting her hand. "I know you don't mind my saying so, because they really aren't your people at all."

"I loathe the lot of them," she declared frankly. "I was terribly sorry when Mother married that fat young man, and as for Sir Matthew and Lady Agatha, and Clarence, I can't bear the sight of them."

The Marquis coughed.

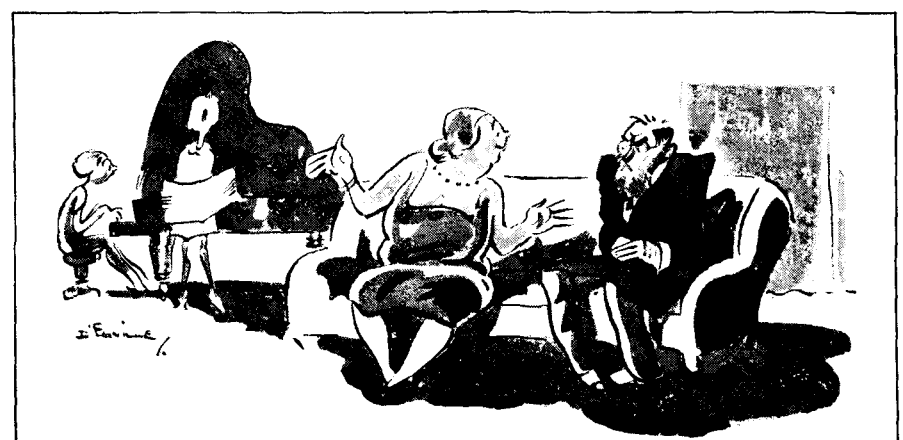
"Between ourselves, my dear child," he confided, "I feel very much the same way, and that's another reason why I don't want David to get into any further trouble. You're the sort of child, you know, who, when you grow older, will be able to twist men round your little finger. Start young, my dear. It's the fashion nowadays amongst your generation. Start young, and have a shy at David. Get him to chuck this silly business, and open up Anderleyton. I'll back him, and I'll see that he comes through it all right."

She passed her arm through his in brazen fashion.

"To think that I never realized what a dear you are!" she exclaimed. "I'll do my very best, but he's a terribly determined person."

"So was Samson before the lady took an interest in him," Glendower observed, as he rose to wave his hand to his nephew.

(*To be continued next week*)



"Do you know, Professor, she has never had a lesson in her life."
"Why not?"

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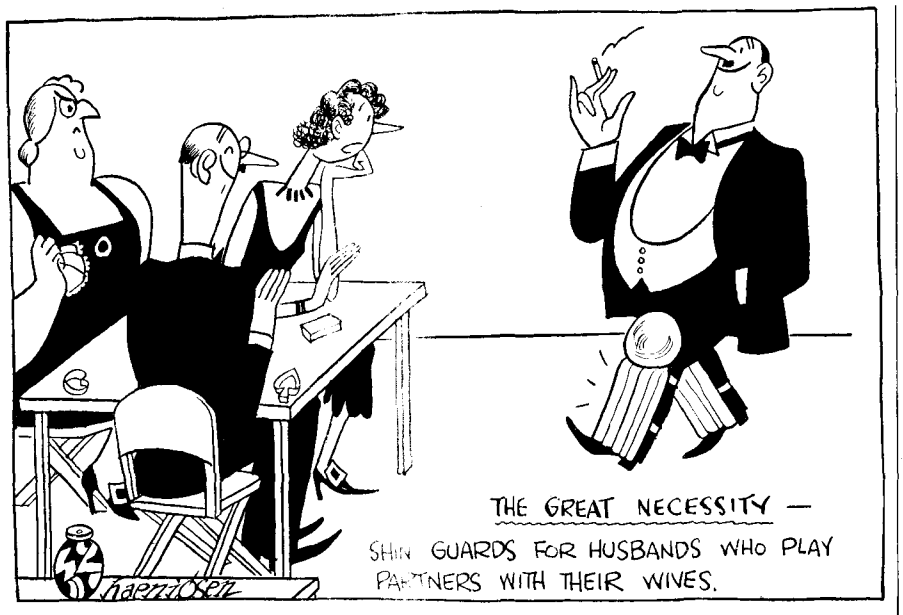

How would you play it?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Contract Bridge for All

	North S. K-7 H. 6-4-3 D. K-9-7 C. J-8-7-5-2
West S. 6-5-4-2 H. 9-8-7-5 D. 8-6-4-3-2 C. None	*East* S. A-Q-J-10-9-3 H. None D. A-Q-J-10 C. A-K-Q
	South S. 3 H. A-K-Q-J-10-6 D. 5 C. 10-9-6-4-3

THE above hand was given in last week's Collier's; it was played in a game of Contract with both sides invulnerable. The remarkable bidding that it produced follows: South three Hearts, West pass, North four Hearts, East five Spades, South pass, West six Spades, North pass, East seven Spades.

At Contract, South's three-Heart bid was dangerous. It commanded North to bid four with one probable trick. If North bid with a King that happened to lose, and South was unable to establish and run his long Clubs, the contract might be set four tricks.

East, although void of Hearts, could doubtless win four tricks or more and punish the adverse bid by doubling and setting it; but such a prospect hardly would be an adequate reason for sacrificing the game and score that a Spade bid seemed to insure. The real question for East was how many Spades he should bid. He could be quite sure that practically all the strength not in his own hand was held by North and South; but he could expect to take eleven tricks with his own hand unless the adverse hand had four Spades. As West could not be counted upon for assistance, conservatism would have limited East to a Spade bid of four. But this particular East was a bold bidder; to him it would have been timidity rather than conservatism to bid only four. He wanted West to bid six if he had the King of either Spades or Diamonds.

After East's five, West knew that he was expected to bid six if he had one probable trick. His void Club suit plus four little trumps looked good for at least one trick unless East had nothing Clubs (as was the case) but West had good reason for ignoring that possibility and jumping to six Spades.

After West's bid of six Spades, East figured that West had the King of either Spades or Diamonds, that South's bid had been based on long solid Hearts and North's jump on the King that West did not hold; if so, a grand slam seemed probable, so East bid seven.

Had the hand been played at Auction Bridge, the bidding probably would have been: South three Hearts, West pass. North pass, East three Spades, South pass, West pass, North four Hearts, East four Spades.

The Play

South, making the initial lead, had a choice between opening his singleton Diamond and leading his established Heart suit. The singleton would produce results if North had the Ace of Diamonds; otherwise it might be expensive. South, therefore, led a Heart as his best bet.

East ruffed the first trick and then, appreciating that even with ten cards of a suit a finesse of Ace-Queen has a slightly better chance of catching the adverse King than the lead of the Ace, led his Ace of Clubs to trick 2 and ruffed in dummy. To trick 3 dummy led a trump, North played the Seven and East the Queen.

After East's trump Queen won trick 3, the King held by North was the one adverse trump left. It could be dropped at any time, but Declarer postponed that procedure because he might need dummy's two remaining trumps for entries to enable closed hand to take two Diamond finesses. So East led his King of Clubs to trick 4 and dummy ruffed; then came a Diamond finesse which won, Declarer's luck still holding. Now Declarer had no way to tell whether his Diamond Ace would drop the King, or whether another finesse would be needed. With only three Clubs in the East hand originally, and none in dummy, there was little danger that North's Clubs were exhausted; so for the third time East led a winning Club, ruffed it in dummy, and then took the second Diamond finesse. After that East had nothing but good trumps and Diamonds, and Declarer won a grand slam in which both good playing and good luck were factors.

Next week's hand is given below; make up your mind how you would bid and play it before reading next week's description.

North S. 3 H. K-Q-9-6 D. K-Q-J-9-4 C. 10-9-8	*East* S. Q-8-6-5 H. 7-4-2 D. 5-2 C. K-7-5-3
West S. K-J-7-4-2 H. 10-8-5-3 D. 8-7-6 C. 6	*South* S. A-10-9 H. A-J D. A-10-3 C. A-Q-J-4-2

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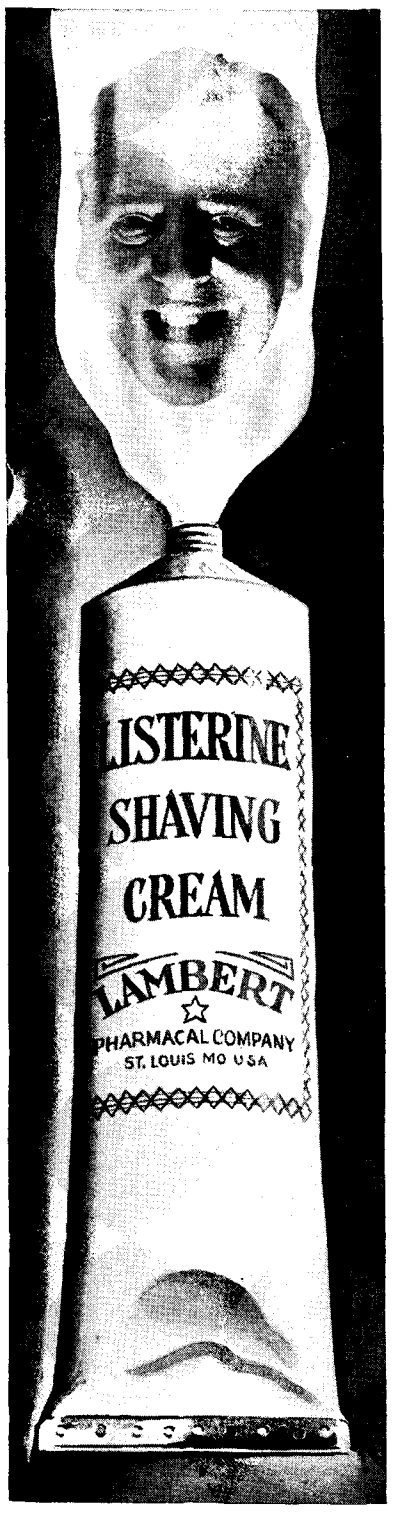

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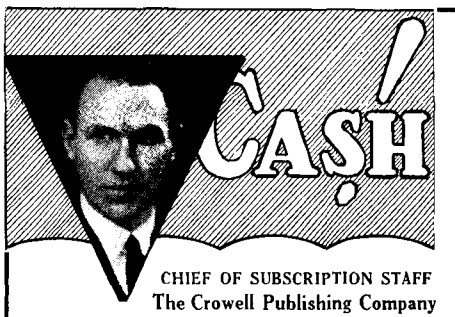

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CHARLES COLEBAUGH
Managing Editor

On the Crest of the New Year

TAKE the long view as you look forward to 1930. It will help you to keep recent events in a true perspective.

The great things which have happened during the last few years are the prodigious increase in American prosperity and the enormous rise in our general standard of living. These are historic occurrences which will not be minimized or destroyed by any variations in the stock markets.

Our increase in wealth is due to extraordinary inventions and equally extraordinary production. The prosperity we have enjoyed is real and tangible. We have better and larger houses. We have more, and more useful, automobiles. In every material aspect of our lives we have moved upward. On the solid basis of fruitful labor we have reared our standard of living.

If we take the long view we note that we are in the midst of one of the extraordinary periods of human activity.

From generation to generation after unpredictable intervals has appeared that strange leaven which has quickened men's imaginations, stirred their energies and given lasting worth to the products of their hands.

Spain knew such a time when Spanish initiative and resource led to the discovery of two new continents. Nothing could wipe out the consequences of that effort.

England experienced such a period, and while Shakespeare wrote lasting words upon paper other energetic Englishmen drew the pattern of a new civilization which today makes us an English-speaking and not a Spanish-speaking people.

France at the time of the Revolution and of Napoleon felt a surge of energy and a widening of vision which still affect men's lives all over the world.

So, too, we entered a new era at the opening of this century, an era which brought unparalleled prosperity to us and gave new hope to all the aspiring races of the earth.

Never before have men's minds been more inventive. Never before has human imagination been more daring nor insight more piercing. Naturally, we have prospered as a nation. Such tremendous production, in our democratic country, inevitably led to increasingly high standards of living among all classes of people.

We have become prosperous by hard, intelligent work. Some became rich. So great was the actual growth that many began to think nothing impossible. We dreamed of a limitless future and then began in our stock speculations to assume that the future was already at hand. Some wanted riches without work.

Not so. Great and solid as is our prosperity, it is the fruit of thoughtful effort. As a nation we have worked for what we really possess. We have built by the sweat of our brow.

Open for Business

Panic in the stock market reminded us that prices must finally rest on values and that value is only the result of achievement. Even gold and diamonds are worthless until labor has made them useful and desirable.

Our prosperity was not founded on gambling or speculation. Invention and labor and industrial organization fertilized by scientific effort raised our level of living.

Our industrial organization was not injured by the drop in prices.

Go about this broad land and you will see men and women intelligently employed. On the farms and in the cities work goes on. The earth is still fruitful. Labor is still productive.

Business has continued good and business prospects are encouraging. We earn. We are able to spend and save and give. Furthermore, through the Federal Reserve System we have safeguarded ourselves against many of the perils which followed other stock panics.

We have in President Hoover a leader of extraordinary intelligence and of rare competence to steer the nation through a time of economic readjustment.

Already the Administration, by its promise of reduced income taxation and by its mobilization of the industrial leaders of the country, has encouraged the uncertain and the faint-hearted and given direction and purpose to our efforts.

We have the fair assurance that whatever a government can do to stabilize production and to make permanent our prosperity is being done and will be continued.

The responsibility for continuing good times cannot, however, be wholly shifted to the shoulders of the government.

To a greater extent than most of us realize we are the masters of our own destinies. The choices we render, the purposes we pursue, the behavior we show, makes us what we become. What we ourselves do, not what someone else does for us or to us, is the determining factor in our fortunes.

We have reached our present estate by hard, intelligent work. Imagination and effort lifted us. We stumbled when we tried to find a substitute for work. Fortunately for us and for the race, there is no substitute for honest effort.

Remember these plain truths as you face the New Year. Greet 1930 with hope and with courage. The time is ripe for great achievements.

Upon what we do as individuals, upon the sense, the character and the energy we have and use, depends our future. Let's make it a good new year.

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